*Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur*

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# Is Hoover Human?

BY RAY T. TUCKER

*Charming to intimates and children, with a shyness appealing to women, the nominee's much discussed personality is interpreted by a Washington journalist who has been much in the Hoover entourage*

"WELL", remarked Herbert Hoover, in an ironic aside to a friend standing near him as he concluded his address accepting the Republican nomination for the Presidency, "I wonder if this speech will help to live down my reputation as an engineer."

Thus, after painful months of silence, the Republican nominee disclosed his mingled resentment and amusement at the popular suspicion that he lacks certain warm and human qualities which, despite a seeming satisfaction with Calvin Coolidge's era and eccentricities, the populace likes and looks for in those it calls great and near-great. For some time, it appears, Hoover has suffered keenly from the reaction of certain of his countrymen to services which have induced foreign Ambassadors bearing badges and decorations to hail him as "humanity's healer", but not until the very moment of his political triumph did he blurt it out. Whether he meant it as a moan or a gloat is difficult to determine.

By this human admission, however, more than by the speech in which he recounted the number of radios, automobiles, electric lights and washing machines purchased under Republican rule, did he most effectively answer those who have dubbed him a "rosy-cheeked Coolidge." No man can feel so sensitively about his place in public esteem and remain altogether impervious to his fellows, or his fellows' opinions. Nor can Hoover, in this instance at least, be charged with supersensitiveness; he can hardly be blamed for his ejaculation. Rather is it to be wondered at that he concealed his feelings so well and so long. Rarely in American history, perhaps, has there

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been such an undecipherable figure as Herbert Hoover, and not in many years has the popular judgment of an individual contained so much of the paradoxical.

HERE is a man whose last fourteen years have been dedicated to public service. For four of them he served without financial remuneration, and his personal outlay for the more efficient discharge of his Cabinet duties has exceeded his official salary. From feeding Belgium and piling up food on the wharves for our warriors overseas, he turned to the task of saving Central Europe from post-war starvation.

Subsequently, as a member of the Cabinet, he became America's jack-of-all-trades; two Presidents called on him for aid and advice more often than on all the other members of their official households combined. His jobs ranged from mopping up after Mississippi and Vermont floods to protecting owners of mortgaged flivvers from British rubber monopolists. In the pre-normalcy period he sat by the bedside of every ailing industry; he midwived many others born of changing conditions. In his spare moments he has acted as President of the American Child Hygiene Association, and supervised a study designed to make America's streets safe for pedestrians. In short, his labors these many years, including the official and unofficial, the paid-for and those credited to his account with Angel Gabriel, have touched such sacred things as stomachs, street traffic and trade. Only the weather reports have appeared on front pages oftener than accounts of his achievements. The Hoover dynasty, beside enduring for six years longer than the traditional two terms of our Presidents, has shed its benign influence among groups which know not the name of the Chief Executive except when they memorize it so that they or their *kinder* may pass the naturalization examination. These are only a few of the things which may be listed under the heading of "Lest We Forget."

Such have been some of his accomplishments for the greater glory and good of the greatest number; and yet he stands accused of being mechanical and materialistic, of being indifferent to the human considerations that loom so large in the normal man's existence. He has been belittled as the arch-representative of a standardized society and the apostle of cold-blooded efficiency. His enemies have assailed him as one who would reduce life and government to the ruthless routine of a factory shop wherein each worker pirouettes on a dime and exercises God-given faculties in fabricating or polishing a minute piece of machinery. Some profess alarm at the thought of an engineer controlling the destinies of this democracy. And though these fears and characterizations find inspiration only in his philosophy as reflected in his public career, the man himself is held by many to be cold, ambitious, self-centered and self-willed.

WHY this mystery or misunderstanding about a man who has been constantly in the public eye and whose name became a household word during the war because so many of his activities were directed kitchenward? Why does Hoover himself remain a rather legendary figure? The answer, perhaps, is that the public, having heard and read so much of his genius

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for organization, his reputation as an engineer, his amazing and unbelievable rise from obscurity to world fame, his part in reorganizing industry and trade, his preachments on specialization and standardization, has quite naturally associated him with other manifestations of the mad but mechanical age which has followed the war period. Rightly or wrongly, it has chosen to regard him as the champion of an industrialized and commercialized era in which government no longer belongs so much to the governed as to the governors. Hoover, the engineer, is a reality; Hoover, the man, is a figure as misty as Olympian gods to which troubled tribes of ancient days offered up prayers and incense taxes.

UNFORTUNATELY for himself, Hoover has done nothing to dispel this belief. If he stands in the mists and shadows, it is because he has chosen to take his place there; the mists and shadows are of his own making. He has deliberately avoided the spotlight; in fact, he may be said to have smashed the spotlight whenever its beneficent beams fell upon him. The lack of human interest stories about his personality, the scarcity of revelatory biographies, is significant; so are his experiences with biographies and biographers. Years ago he is said to have bought and destroyed the plates of a certain book because he thought it portrayed him in too romantic a rôle. He coöperated in the preparation of a campaign life, but he is understood to have barred all attempts to picture him in an appealing light. Though a more recent work by William Hard, personal friend and sympathetic Boswell, struck off Hoover quite felicitously and recreated the atmosphere and spirit in which he has built his amazing career, Hoover accepted with enthusiasm the author's dedication of the biography to him as "its victim" rather than "hero".

His hatred of heroics is innate. It is, perhaps, compounded of his Quaker origin, his natural shyness and an environment which for years kept him in the silent and shunned places of the earth. Though a "hound for publicity," as irreverential Washington correspondents call him, the tons of stories emanating from his offices since he entered public life have been concerned with his work rather than himself. In the campaign there has been almost no effort to dramatize him for the voters; his political speeches and publicity have been confined to an elucidation of his views on public questions.

ALL the wiles of correspondents and photographers could not persuade Herbert Hoover to pose for pictures such as are commonly taken of campaigners. His one vice is smoking a pipe, that symbol of kinship with the common man, but he declined to be photographed with it. "There are times when a man has a right to privacy," he responded humorously, "and one is when he is smoking his favorite pipe." To requests that he kiss an attractive baby lifted up to his train platform, he replied: "I will kiss no babies for publication." The only photograph approximating conventional shots of office-seekers was of him and the engine crew that piloted his train over the Wyoming plateau. He had sent for them to question them about the operation of the train, the details of the slackening in speed from 75 miles on the plain to 25 on the

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slope, and he failed to protest when asked to line up before the camera with his engineering colleagues. He also stood for a picture of himself holding an ear of Iowa corn at his birthplace, but he grasped the ear too awkwardly for one seeking to catch farm votes, and too gingerly for one contemplating a bite of the succulent vegetable that has brought fame to the State and trouble to the Republican party. All through the campaign he has been the most elusive figure veteran press men and photographers have ever pursued.

Of CLOSE contacts between candidate and chroniclers there were only a few, and yet these were sufficient to increase their wonder at his disinclination to mingle more frequently with folks. Liking humanity in little lumps rather than wholesale lots, Hoover can be a delightful companion in a small group. His usually stolid countenance mirrors his transitory thoughts, whether grave or gay, and though his shy smile vanishes from his lips almost before it touches them, its very character of evanescence gives it an engaging quality.

As is true of most great men, his eyes are his most expressive feature, and for that very reason, perhaps, he rarely permits a glimpse into them; those windows from which, one guesses, he looks out on life with some cynicism and amusement, he keeps clouded or averted.

Even those who do not like him grant that he can be a charming conversationalist in a friendly atmosphere. His talk turns to homely and simple things, or shifts with startling suddenness to stirring events and illustrious personalities of a decade or more ago. This man who has spent most of his days in the midst of international affairs since the Boer War can, if he cares, become a loquacious and enchanting encyclopædia of latter-day romance. All his life, even during the turbulent days of the World War, he seems to have passed from adventure to adventure with an eye for the oddities of places, persons and policies. Despite his participation in great events, he appears never to have lost the perspective of the observer, and therefore his reminiscences possess the truly fascinating quality of objectiveness. A book of memoirs by Hoover might not precipitate another World War, but it might conceivably lead certain great nations and many great men to throw up either their hats or their hands. It would be more than a best seller; it would be a knock-out.

On THE stump or in his casual contacts he takes refuge behind a thick wall of natural and protective reserve, but in these intimate talks he is a revealing figure; he is, moreover, simplicity itself. There was, for instance, a reminiscent glow in his gray eyes and an amused smile on his lips as he recalled for the writer the unwild and unwoolly days he spent as boss of the Carlyle mine thirty years ago on the frontier in New Mexico — his first managerial job.

"My most abiding recollection of those days," mused Hoover, "is of a very efficient sheriff who once used two of my mine shafts as a hoosegow. It was the frontier, but it was not wild, and in my year there I never carried a gun. But the sheriff had arrested more hard characters this night than he had room for in his jail, and

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he asked me to suggest a place of incarceration.

"When I mentioned the mine shafts, he jumped at it. They were eighty to one hundred feet deep, and they certainly provided a place of safe keeping. To make sure there would be no jailbreak, the sheriff threw the ropes down on the prisoners' heads after they had been carried to their cell in the shaft bucket. I think I suggested that method of locking the door."

Some men of high estate prefer to forget their days of poverty. Not so Hoover. Voluntarily he vouchsafed that he would carry with him, perhaps into the White House, "another abiding recollection" of those early days. With a smile and the trace of a sigh, he added:

"Yes, I remember the Chinese cook. His food was excellent."

Almost with a smacking of the lips he dwelt on the rude dishes prepared by the Oriental chow boy of the gold-and-silver mine near Lordsburg, N. M. But there was a boyishly wistful note in his voice as the candidate for the most exalted elective office in the world explained why the food had tasted so good.

"You see," he said simply, "I was always hungry then."

With children Hoover is never aloof nor ill at ease; they do not affright nor embarrass him. In fact, he seeks their company. Some intangible tie seems to attract this shy man to children, and them to him. It may be that his wistfulness appeals to them, as it does to recently enfranchised voters among their mothers — for a wistful touch is a great asset in love or politics where the women are concerned. Or it may be that he charms children because he treats them as equals; he does not talk down to them, he talks with them. He enjoys shaking hands with them "because of the kick the kids get out of it." While awaiting a train in a Western city, he was surrounded by a group of men and women who brushed the "kids" aside. Straightway he stepped to the outer ring, and began a conversation with the tiptoeing youngsters. Upon learning that they were Boy Scouts, and that three were "pilot scouts", he asked them to guide him to his train. And the great Olympian Hoover's escort across the tracks was a barefooted, dirty-faced, raggedy squad of urchins squirmingly alive to their responsibilities.

Such flashes illuminating the unknown Hoover are rare or reserved for his intimates. Many men carry away from meetings with him distinctly disappointing impressions of the force or attractiveness of his personality, and in this group may be numbered business leaders as well as politicians. The reasons are obvious. In such conferences Hoover withdraws into himself. More often than not, he assumes the rôle of listener so enthusiastically and so successfully that it becomes exasperating and embarrassing. Thus it is that emissaries with conflicting ideas to sell him may depart convinced of the success of their diverse missions. But when they meet later at the club and boast of their conquests of Hoover, also disclosing the head-on nature of their respective propositions, they are inclined to charge him with deception instead of blaming themselves for precipitate conclusions. Hoover also has a disconcerting habit of making

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meaningless marks on note paper while talking with callers, due no doubt to shyness. A distinguished Washington correspondent, having noted that these drawings consist of circles with spokes sketched in, says he knows it is time to leave as soon as the last of the radii has been pencilled.

HOOVER undoubtedly recognizes his limitations in this respect, but he cannot or will not overcome them. He has indulged in no attempt to be the good fellow in this campaign; it is quite evident that running for office, with its hurly-burly, its hand-shaking and its back-slapping, is distasteful to him. How could it be otherwise to one whose dislike of crowds and love of solitude assume the proportions of a philosophy? For Hoover does not like crowds; he is uncomfortable in them; he distrusts mob psychology, even though he may be the temporary object of its favor or flattery. A tumultuous, wild-eyed, arm-waving audience does not thrill or stimulate him, as it did Wilson and Roosevelt. Great masses of people act too slowly, too indirectly, too unintelligently for him — and he moves in a world of speed, directness and intelligence. Crowds connote Socialism and Sovietism, for which he has a deep and almost personal prejudice. Crowds consist of dreamers, not doers.

"Acts and deeds that lead to progress," he writes in his volume entitled *American Individualism*, "are born out of the womb of the individual mind, not out of the mind of the crowd. The crowd only feels; it has no mind of its own which can plan.

"The crowd is credulous, it destroys, it hates and it dreams — but it never builds. It is one of the most profound of exact psychological truths that man in the mass does not think, but only feels."

Viewed in this light, Hoover's aloofness appears to possess a philosophical as well as social basis. His abhorrence of crowds and such mass movements as Bolshevism may account for his deep dependence on the individual and his conviction that progress comes, not through legislative or political blocs or bodies, but through impulses furnished society by "rare individuals" gifted with qualities of leadership. In any event, he has worked through the medium of small groups in all his enterprises, and among these he has always singled out individuals for responsible posts. As a scientist seizes on a specimen before he grasps at generalizations, so Hoover labors with individuals before he unfolds his programme to the larger group involved. That has been his method of obtaining legislation from Congress, and it will be his practice should he become President.

STRANGE as it may seem, Hoover in the White House would undoubtedly resemble Roosevelt in respect to the latter's flair for entertaining athletes, Ambassadors, educators, philosophers, authors, explorers and others who excited his interest or imagination. Once again the Executive Mansion might become the residence of an American Mæcenas. Shy and formal Hoover may be in his public and official relations, but he seems to have a dread of loneliness. When he has dashed through a day of Hooverish activity, he is ready for an evening of conversation with a few friends or authorities on subjects that appeal to him. Often there are neighborhood

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guests at the Hoover home for breakfast, and almost always for dinner. Frequently of an evening, or of a late afternoon at his office, he summons somebody to talk with him — somebody he knows well and with whom he can be at ease, somebody whose ideas he considers worth while. With little urging or questioning, Hoover will indulge in reminiscences for hours about his experiences if the mood be on him; like Coolidge, who often belies his reputation for taciturnity, Hoover rambles on with all the enjoyment of a small boy allowed to stay up late with "company".

When his visitors have departed, he reaches for his mystery novel, and reads himself to drowsiness; detective stories are his nightly soporific. He takes them in large doses, for he cannot contain himself while awaiting the next week's or next month's installment.

LIKE the man he hopes to succeed in the White House, Hoover has never learned to play. Fishing is his one diversion, but his love of rod and stream is so deeply rooted in his aversion to a jazz civilization that it can hardly be called play. It is, literally, no more than recreation.

"I like fishing," he explains, "because it carries you away from crowds. It gives you solitude such as nothing else can. You can't get by yourself at the country or mountain or shore; jazz will follow you there. But a noise maker is not wanted along a shady stream. The farther you stand apart, the more silent you are, the better friends you are. That is one time when it is not a sign of boorishness or idiosyncrasy to keep away from and say nothing to your friends."

He also enjoys fishing expeditions because of their comforting aimlessness. Whereas an ordinary automobile trip connotes a definite destination, with speed and direction and desire, a search for a trout pool or brook may end anywhere or nowhere. To the restless being who has moved so many years in a maze of international turmoil, this has a peace that the world cannot give. If necessary, he will battle for the quiet he seeks. When the United States Forestry Service tried to install a telephone in his fishing camp during his vacation in the redwood country of California, he served notice on the district chief that he had motored 1,000 miles to escape such inhuman indignities. His indignation was magnified by the fact that he hates bells — trolley bells, door bells, telephone bells; they signify for him the claque of the crowd, the clamor of civilization.

YOUR Freudian, perhaps, would have a ready analysis of the somewhat complex Hoover. There may be room for such an explanation, in view of the fact that his favorite song is that battlecry of the gregarious — "Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here!" Moreover, he was well pleased when his son and newspaper correspondents struck up such a strong friendship that first names were quickly in use. The father may have reflected, rather ruefully, that few call him "Herbert", still fewer call him "Bert", and nobody knows him as "Herb".

It may be, after all, that the Hoover whom the public sees only faintly is a fanciful, frustrated figure. It may be that he would prefer to be a people's idol — a rollicking Roosevelt, say, rather than a chubbier Coolidge.

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# Cheating Our Children

By Judge George C. Appell
President, New York State Association of Children's Court Judges

*"Riding circuit" over a large county to carry juvenile court benefits to small towns, the author finds a nationally neglected problem of child welfare*

I am thinking of a little girl of thirteen who appeared before me in court the other day. She stood there trembling, wistful, frightened. We had done all we could to comfort her, for a Children's Court is a place of refuge, not of punishment. But little Mary was too bewildered to accept solace. It was all so strange; she was so utterly lost in this incomprehensible world. Her eyes were red with weeping. Her past had been tragic; she knew not what the future held — she was so alone!

"Do you mean your stepmother actually drove you out of the house?" I asked her.

The child bowed her head, with a cringing glance toward the woman at her side. The latter broke in harshly:

"I did not!" She was a slovenly woman with a hard mouth. "I told Mary she could stay home if she'd earn her keep. That girl's too lazy to live, Your Honor. She just lays on the bed half the time. I can't get her to do nothing around the house —"

It was easy to see that Mary's was a case for clinic and hospital, not for a court. My heart went out to her as she bravely sought to suppress her sobs while a kindly welfare worker took her in charge. Clinging to the thought of the home that had been no home to her, terrorized by the unknown into which she was being led, she didn't realize that now for the first time in her sad little life she was going to have a real chance to live.

Mary symbolizes to me the problem of America's neglected children. Society, like some stupid stepmother, still lets many of its little ones suffer or run wild — out of sheer indifference, permits them to fall into delinquency. When Mary was examined by our clinic she was found to be a victim of diseased tonsils, a bad heart and malnutrition. Today she is gaining strength in a hospital; when she is strong enough she will go into a pleasant adoptive home, where she won't have to earn her keep. Over the length and breadth of our land, thousands of children — there is no way of telling how many — require the help we were able to give Mary, but receive it not. They are slipping from waywardness into crime, they

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are being neglected by brutal or stupid parents, they are dull in school and objects of derision among their classmates; they are suffering from physical handicaps that will wreck their lives. They cannot help themselves — and there is nobody to help them.

To the sheltered reader in a comfortable home this may seem like sentimentality and overstatement. Haven't we had juvenile courts for twenty-five years? Yes, we have. We have had them in a few, a relatively few, places. And those who have worked in them know that the problems of childhood arising there cannot be overstated. Where Children's Courts have been organized, it is all they can do to function properly because of the pressing calls upon them. But still more important is the stark, glaring fact that the majority of American children live in communities where no truly efficient and scientifically modern juvenile court can reach them.

FAR and wide, we have heard the fame of the great pioneer courts, in Chicago, for instance, and in Denver and New York. We know vaguely that many other cities now have similar institutions. But after all, what do we know of the degree in which these existing courts are able to cope with their work? How many of them have up-to-date clinical facilities, skilled psychiatrists, adequate staffs, and all that intricate coöperation among judge, public schools, churches, welfare agencies, police and parents, without which no Children's Court merits the name? Because we have heard of the splendid achievements in certain places, we are apt to sit back complacently and feel assured that the delinquent or neglected child is at last in expert hands.

True, it is — here and there. But of the fifteen thousand communities in the United States having a population of 25,000 or more, the last Children's Bureau survey shows *only 147* to which a modern Children's Court is available. Steps are being taken to remedy this, but it is still safe to say that barely one per cent. of our small towns enjoy the advantages of an efficient juvenile court. Furthermore, more than a hundred of our larger cities have, even now, no modern juvenile courts organized in accordance with minimum standards of social efficiency.

That is why I charge that we are cheating our children. We are cheating those who are most helpless and most in need. We are cheating them out of the benefits of a practical and scientific knowledge that has been won through a quarter of a century of juvenile court experience.

We know how to prevent a great deal of juvenile delinquency. We know how to alleviate much of the misery of neglected children in broken homes. We know how to convert backward, sullen and wayward youngsters into bright and useful citizens. And we apply our knowledge to a mere handful of cases!

I DON'T want to paint too black a picture. When history looks back upon our time it will name it the century of the child; more than to all our scientific, industrial and economic progress, it will pay tribute to our aroused consciousness of child problems and to our halting but constantly improving methods of giving the child — and

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hence the race — its true birthright at last.

But does not the very fact that we realize now our responsibility to children call upon us for renewed efforts to discharge that responsibility? Consider the phase of child welfare which is nearest my own work. Laws providing for Children's Courts have been nobly passed in nearly all of the States — and have largely rested on the passing. In many enterprising cities, such courts are functioning admirably; in other cities, in small towns and in rural areas, they hardly function at all. But rural districts breed delinquency, afford cases of neglect, in much the same proportion as the crowded cities. In my own county-wide jurisdiction, on the outskirts of New York City, I have had in one year a child's case for every 597 inhabitants of seven communities of over 12,000 population. Seven villages of under 5,000 population afforded a child's case for every 473 inhabitants. This larger proportion in the villages is sufficient answer to those who think that the tragedy of child delinquency is a by-product only of city slums.

BEFORE our court in Westchester County, N. Y., was organized, children of the county who fell foul of the law were taken before ninety-seven different magistrates. That meant ninety-seven different varieties of treatment. Clinics were lacking, probation was inadequate, little of the modern knowledge of dealing with the child was applied. The conditions in Westchester then, only a few years ago, were typical of conditions that still prevail in numerous areas. Now in Westchester County we have a modern court that might be duplicated in any populous county. Our court travels a weekly circuit the year round. Its sessions are held when necessary in more than a dozen different cities and villages. The staff is constantly moving about the county. Instead of summoning children from the country districts to the county seat in White Plains, the court goes to them. Thus we have proved that a single juvenile court can cover an area of more than 450 square miles and serve an extremely diversified population of half a million.

MANY people have a wrong conception of the methods and aims of the Children's Court. While other courts are concerned solely with the determination of the truth or falsehood of a charge, dismissing the defendant or meting out the appropriate penalty, the aim of the Children's Court is to get at the *cause* of the trouble and correct or remove it, so that the delinquent child may become an asset to himself, to his family, and to the community, and not a future liability.

Three classes come under the supervision of this court: the delinquent child, the neglected child, and the adult who contributes to the neglect or delinquency.

In the case of a child who has broken into a house and stolen some goods, we are concerned not with the question of proving that he really did the deed, but with discovering the reason why he did it, and what we can do to lessen the chances of his doing such a thing again. We get as complete a picture as we can of all the previous activities of the child, so that we may throw light upon his anti-social act, which will give us a clue by which we may help him back to normalcy.

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The factors contributing mainly to delinquency are mental deficiency, some physical handicap, or improper home conditions. Let me cite the case of a girl of fifteen — a truant — who, upon examination, was found to have defective vision and a diseased throat. She was sent first to a hospital for treatment. After she was perfectly well, her delinquencies ceased. Every time we send a youngster to a penal institution it is an admission that we are defeated.

THROUGHOUT the entire range of research regarding the child and anti-social behavior, we are confronted with the complexity of the problem. This means calling upon the parents, the schools, and the entire community for active coöperation with and support of the juvenile courts. Delinquency is not merely a problem of these courts; it is a problem of the community of which that child has been a maladjusted unit. The Children's Court is only a central nucleus through which all child welfare agencies may work. But where there is no such court, the work of other agencies is at best inadequate. To say that such work cannot be unified in scattered rural districts where the need exists is merely to admit that we are too busy or too parsimonious to organize there a Children's Circuit Court along modern lines.

As to modern principles of the juvenile court, let me quote from one of the most experienced authorities, Judge Charles W. Hoffman, of Cincinnati, who says:

> The belief is common that an offending child is the arbiter of his own destiny and he is disposed of in many courts and in many schools in accordance with this doctrine. The freedom of the will on the part of children who have failed to keep step with the herd is seldom considered in the light of a qualified determinism, with the result that force and the infliction of physical pain have been invoked, always without success, to bring about readjustment . . . The greatest obstacle that for years, and even now, stands in our way in the treatment of children is the notion of punishment.

And he quotes Dr. Thomas W. Salmon as saying:

> Delinquency is a disease that destroys more children than many of the most prevalent diseases of children known to physicians.

The simple fact is that the only known means of crime prevention is to catch the potential criminal young — in the pre-delinquent stage — and then not to *punish*, but to cure. Now the delinquent child in the rural districts or small towns is not fundamentally different from his prototype in the crowded city. Small town boys run away, play hookey, steal automobiles, organize gangs, commit petty thefts, and otherwise go in search of adventure that enters the domain of lawlessness. Boy is boy everywhere. Or, according to Dr. Charles Platt in his book, *The Riddle of Society:* "A small boy is first monkey, then a wild Indian, and then, but only after puberty, a more or less civilized man."

REMEMBER also that life in rural districts is not all roses and sunshine and fresh air. Such factors as poverty, quarrelsome or drunken parents, evil companionship, mental deficiency and other sources of delinquency are not exclusively of metropolitan origin.

Some causes for child delinquency in rural communities may be set down briefly as follows:

1 — Lack of supervised community playgrounds and of suitable meeting places for boys and girls.

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2 — Failure of many small churches to provide a social programme attractive to the younger generation.

3 — The practice of issuing "junior" automobile licenses, which enables youngsters to drive to the nearest town in search of the excitement they naturally crave.

4 — The encroachment of commercialized dance halls, which have spread out from the cities with the increase of evening and week-end motoring.

5 — Lack of well-organized welfare work by competent social agencies.

Obviously these failures are not serious in every rural community; but the consensus of expert opinion is that they are found in a very large proportion of our country districts.

A YEAR or two ago the world was horrified at the graphic description of child marriages in India. "Horrible!" we said. "What a country to live in! Something should be done about it." But India is far away. How about turning some of this horrified interest to conditions nearer home? Statistics show that in backwoods rural communities, child marriages average ten per cent. of the licenses issued!

In other words, there are manifold pitfalls for childhood even in the wholesome countryside. "The rural community must be on guard," says William Lewis Butcher, Chairman of the New York State Crime Commission. In a recent report he makes the following recommendations:

(1) *Community Responsibility.* In rural counties there is not sufficient recognition of the social problem of the community by leaders who could and should develop resources, not only to care for cases of neglect and need, but to do preventive work through group action by providing supervised recreation through the modern type of boys' and girls' clubs. These clubs should have trained leadership.

(2) *The Church.* Without question the churches could contribute much more to the important task of crime prevention if they would frankly face the fact that large groups of children as well as adults are outside the influences of the church. And too often religious instruction is not adapted to the everyday life of the people.

(3) *Parents.* The major responsibility for preventive work lies with the parents. These should be helped and educated to coöperate with the organized agencies, and to help their children to meet the problems of life with safety.

(4) *Schools.* Educational authorities should provide for clinics and other machinery for the study of the physical and mental condition of children in the schools, with the view to an early determination of certain tendencies which may result in crime; and the schools should "vitalize" the curriculum.

Finally a Children's Court in every rural community should work in close and friendly association with every one of the community movements. It should become a social agent in the widest sense.

AS TO the importance of all this, let us remember that while there is no single panacea for crime, at the same time many "professionals" in crime have developed through a series of minor offenses, and that if they had been dealt with properly in the earlier stages, their later menace to society would have been obviated. The burglars of 1938 are now stealing from fruit stands.

"If you ever want to be of real use in the world," says David Starr Jordan, "do something for children." Because society is already doing "something" for them, it has come to think that enough is being done. We are cheating our children so long as we fail to extend to all children the benefits now reserved for a few.

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# The Morals of Tammany

By Louis Seibold

*Has New York's notorious Tiger been permanently tamed? A leading political writer reveals some salient facts about the Manhattan machine and its relation to Governor Smith*

Considering the long, picturesque and disreputable record of Tammany Hall, the nomination of its present dictator has been as audacious a bid for power as any in our political history. Less than a generation ago the mere suggestion that the party of Jefferson, Jackson, Cleveland and Wilson might accept as its Presidential candidate a professional politician, tutored solely in the Tammany school, would have been contemptuously rejected.

In the closing weeks of the campaign it has become apparent that the Republicans estimated more accurately than their opponents the damaging possibilities to Democracy of the Tammany trademark on the Smith bandwagon. Hence, regardless of the outcome of the election, Tammany's morals will remain for a time in the focus of greater national curiosity than most political machines, no matter how hardened, would care to endure. Wherefore, two pertinent questions are these: What caused the change in Democratic appraisal of Tammany as a handicap in a national campaign? And to what extent can Tammany's claim to reform be accepted?

A fair answer, perhaps, is that public opinion, of which Governor Smith is a keenly responsive student, has in fact compelled Tammany to discard the more flagrant practices of former years. Whether Tammany has fundamentally mended its ways, or whether the reformation is no more than a veneer over the same old black and yellow stripes, remains to be seen; but there is little reason at present to reject the claim of Tammany's defenders that the outwardly visible improvement in its morals is genuine.

The crude looting of the city, the unrestrained preying on commercialized vice, which flourished only a few years ago, now figure only remotely in the Tammany system. The open bartering of public franchises and the illegal award of municipal favors to corporations dealing directly with Tammany bosses have either been discontinued or are negotiated with such subtlety as to evade public scrutiny.

True, recent disclosures still reveal

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sporadic graft and the padding of payrolls as in the days of Tweed and Croker. Collusion between corrupt officials and dishonest contractors still exists. Whether these forms of municipal immorality are more general or offensive under Tammany than in Republican-governed Philadelphia and Chicago is uncertain. Any difference is probably a matter of degree. New York City's vast size and wealth offer greater opportunities for exploitation.

Yet both New York City and State have been apparently fairly well satisfied with the sort of government that Mr. Smith has provided for the State and that which the Tammany organization, over which he exercises tremendous if not absolute power, has recently given the City. The average New Yorker doesn't seem to mind what sort of government he gets as long as he is permitted to live the way he wants and is allowed the maximum of personal liberty.

THE recent career of Mr. Smith has reflected a sincere determination to relegate the old standards of Tammany to the scrap heap and to chart a course of loftier ideals for both himself and the Tammany organization. He has provided convincing proof that he is capable of doing his own thinking, formulating his own policies, and that he is not lacking in courage, aggressiveness and political sagacity. But before he won his Presidential plumes Mr. Smith was just a plain, ordinary "Tammany man". He played the game with faithful regard for its rules and was generally servile to his bosses from whom he accepted and obeyed orders without question. If he had not done so his political career would have been short-lived. In breaking away from the influences of his early tutors he has won for himself greater respect than was ever achieved by the men who preceded him in the higher councils of Tammany.

INDEED, in the hundred and thirty-nine years since Tammany was organized as a "benevolent, patriotic, and charitable" enterprise, very few of its leaders except Governor Smith could be characterized as either benevolent or patriotic. Incidentally, these avowed purposes of the Tammany Society have permitted an amusing camouflage, to the confusion of public opinion. For instance, during a recent session of the committee of the United States Senate charged with the investigation of Presidential primary expenditures, George W. Olvany, Tammany's titular though not actual leader, testified that "Tammany is not in politics". The honorable Senators, presumably possessing little knowledge of political distinctions in New York, appeared to be satisfied with this disingenuous explanation. They had directed their inquiry solely into the affairs of the "Tammany Society or Columbian Order", and Mr. Olvany replied in kind. He did not think it worth while to define the difference between the Tammany Society of lofty and patriotic pretensions and the rigidly disciplined army which goes by the same name.

Any political correspondent could have pointed out the difference in an instant. The "Society of Tammany or Columbian Order" has a membership of around 800. The Tammany political organization has a voting strength of approximately 1,000,000 in the five boroughs of New York City, subject

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to control under a sort of gentlemen's agreement between the leaders of the borough clans, and dependent entirely upon the satisfactory distribution of municipal patronage.

The political Tammany, appreciating the sentimental value of its relation to the Tammany Society, uses the latter for window-dressing purposes on the Fourth of July and other patriotic occasions. But less than one per cent. of the members of the Tammany political organization are Sachems, or members of the Tammany Society. The political Tammany maintains branches in every one of the sixty-three Assembly Districts of the greater city. Most of these institutions are styled "Tammany Clubs". In the boroughs outside of Manhattan these clubs are designated as "Democratic". The difference is in name only, because the Tammany machine of Manhattan virtually controls the other borough organizations after the fashion of a holding company. In former days quarrels among the leaders of borough clans were the rule. Now the systematic distribution of patronage and other gratuities keeps the borough satellites in line.

WHILE this system is satisfactory to Tammany it is rather expensive to the taxpayers who merely desire good, clean government and are not interested in the distribution of municipal spoils. The present annual cost of the city government is $474,000,000 — an increase of $75,000,000, by the way, during the last two years. This is about one-sixth of the cost of conducting the business of the United States Government, including the Army and Navy. The cost of the New York State Government last year was $219,000,000.

The perfectly natural explanation of the high cost of Tammanyism in State and City is that its professional adherents have to be cared for. There are approximately 115,000 persons carried on the city payroll. It is quite unnecessary to say that 99 per cent. of these persons are Tammany men. It also goes without saying that a great many of these Tammany men were appointed largely for political reasons and that some of them render service of dubious value.

THIS policy of caring for its own is one of the most ancient and binding of Tammany traditions. The men who get out the vote for Tammany are rewarded at the expense of the city in proportion to their political skill. The practice differs from that of other city machines perhaps chiefly in its long-standing efficiency. In the old days friends of Tammany bosses secured fat jobs or contracts without being called upon to return any actual service beyond sharing their profits with their patrons. At present most of the Tammany men on the municipal payroll undoubtedly do some sort of work. A recent survey estimated that this class approximated 65 per cent. Roughly translated this means that about forty thousand of the servants of the city render little, if any, service for their salaries.

Richard Croker, boss of Tammany twenty-five years ago, brazenly told a legislative investigating committee that he "worked for his own pocket all the time". The district leaders who fought their way to supremacy in those days with clubs and brass knuckles were permitted to prey upon commercialized vice, maintaining a profitable partnership with the police.

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The district leaders wielded such tremendous power in their respective spheres of influence that the supreme Tammany boss was virtually at their mercy.

THOSE were the most colorful and fascinating days of Tammany rule. The district leaders were a jovial, rollicking lot who kept saloons, gambling houses, and other resorts. They were generally illiterate, but were shrewdly skilled in the art of ward politics. They consumed vast quantities of French champagne but really liked lager beer better. Some of them made immense sums of money by means that would not be countenanced today and spent it with lavish hands.

"Big Tom" Foley, the "political godfather" of Governor Smith, was one of them. "Whispering Larry" Delmour was another one, The McManus a third, "Dry Dollar" Sullivan a fourth, and "Uncle George" Plunkett, the defender of "honest graft", another. Plunkett gained wide fame by frankly admitting that he had grown very rich because he "seen his opportunities and took 'em". Most of these men were personally rather likable, ruthlessly partisan, and frankly predatory.

During the reigns of Fernando Wood, William M. Tweed — member of the "Forty Thieves" Board of Aldermen, which outraged public sentiment by openly selling public franchises — and Richard Croker, such district leaders wielded a much greater power than those of the present day. The district leaders of the so-called "New" Tammany are not nearly so important as their illustrious predecessors, some of whom are named above. Few district leaders now are known outside of the bailiwicks for which they are held responsible. They are still accorded membership in the Executive Committee and participate in the fiction of selecting the leader, or boss, but under the Murphy régime and since the ascendancy of Governor Smith they merely ratify decisions. On the other hand, they are held strictly accountable for political conditions in their respective districts and are really a hard working lot of men, because Tammany does business 365 days in the year and doesn't indulge in any holidays when it comes to the matter of recruiting.

THE present day district leaders for obvious reasons do not enjoy anything like the privileges and perquisites of their predecessors. They are not only political organizers but neighborhood advisers, counsellors, and Samaritans. Some of them actually maintain plots in local cemeteries of various denominations to save many unfortunate constituents from the ignominy of the potter's field. They frequently treat their constituents to picnics and chowder parties, get them jobs, lend them money and perform many other friendly offices. In return, of course, they demand and get loyalty and votes.

It is of more than passing interest that Governor Smith was one of the most tireless of these workers in the Tammany organization while he was winning his spurs. Mr. Smith is credited by some of the old-timers as having gotten more jobs for charwomen, janitors, inspectors, bartenders, waiters, and others in humble callings than "any young fellow" in the Second Assembly District where his patron, Foley, wielded the power of boss.

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As already said, the emoluments of district leaders of the "New" Tammany are far below the scale in effect a quarter of a century ago. Most of the money raised for political campaigns is now turned over to a finance committee which presumably keeps books for its own information but doesn't impart any of it to the public.

IN THE good old days of Tweed, Kelly and Croker, a "Wiskinkie" was one of the most important officials in the Tammany organization. It was his job to go around and collect money wherever he could get it and split it up among the district leaders. He rendered such accounting as his conscience dictated. Under present conditions the method of raising money has been reduced to a more systematic basis. The finance committee decides how much money shall be spent in each Assembly District. It sets aside a "Dough Day" four or five days before an election contest. The District leaders go to Tammany Hall and receive the amounts that in the judgment of the finance committee are necessary to get out the vote.

Another more refined method of doing business adopted by the "New" Tammany governs the award of municipal favors. Individuals and institutions seeking privileges fringing the law now employ lawyers instead of depending on the district leaders. They usually know the right lawyer to retain for such service. This method minimizes the possibility of a scandal and leaves the way open for the employment of helpful legal technicalities.

It is quite possible, of course, that some of the old methods of preying upon the unfortunate still survive; but the resultant graft is inconsequential as compared to the profits of former days. Murphy, through whose favor Mr. Smith was nominated for Governor, once sadly declared that "you can't keep everybody honest". If this lamented human frailty still serves to enrich district leaders and their henchmen, the fact is at least fairly well concealed from inquisitive eyes.

The "New" Tammany, then, is undoubtedly putting its best foot forward and doing what it can to assist the country to forget the record of Tweed, Wood, Kelly and Croker. One of the most remarkable achievements credited to Mr. Smith is that he has compelled this apparent reformation of Tammany's morals with far less destruction of the Tammany morale than might have been expected. Indeed, Tammany has lately increased its voting strength far beyond its normal proportion. This can be accounted for by its opposition to the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead law. Another reason for the increased popularity of Tammany is its tolerance of personal liberty in general. There is little question that gambling provides diversion for a great many New Yorkers without interference, while betting on the races is openly conducted despite the fact that a State law prohibits it.

DURING the last twenty-five years Tammany has been defeated but twice in municipal campaigns, though two Republican candidates for President, Harding and Coolidge, carried the city. Mr. Harding piled up an impressive majority of 414,000 over Mr. Cox in 1920. Mr. Coolidge carried the five boroughs of the city by

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139,000 four years ago. In the latter contest Governor Smith polled 519,000 votes more than his gubernatorial rival, young Theodore Roosevelt, in the same city districts. These figures are cited to make clear the distinction which the voters of New York City in the past have made between National contests on the one hand and State and municipal campaigns on the other.

ONE of the most serious political charges brought against Tammany is that it has frequently been disloyal to the Presidential nominees of the Democratic Party, selected in opposition to its wishes. Tammany opposed the nomination of Samuel J. Tilden and Grover Cleveland, both New Yorkers. Tammany also opposed the nomination of William Jennings Bryan, Woodrow Wilson, and James M. Cox.

Mr. Bryan fully appreciated the mutually unfavorable opinion that prevailed between Tammany and himself. He once described it as a "predatory band of corruptionists, more interested in profits than in principles"; on another occasion he declared that Tammany was "a stench in the nostrils of decent Democracy".

IF, IN the present campaign, the "New" Tammany has been heart and soul for Smith, it must be remembered that even before Smith Tammany is for Tammany. So long as Smith can show Tammany how to keep in power, Tammany will be his servant. But Tammany will be the first to desert him in defeat. By the old-timers he is tolerated as a vote getter, but mistrusted as having too "highbrow" and humanitarian leanings. As a Presidential candidate, Smith has been the greatest asset in Tammany's history. Paradoxically, Tammany may prove to have been Mr. Smith's greatest liability.

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# But Who Killed Miss Gilchrist?

By Philip Whitwell Wilson

*The "Scottish Dreyfus Case," strangest international murder mystery of modern times, still unsolved after twenty years despite the activities of Conan Doyle, the intervention of Parliament, and the vindication of a famous victim*

At seven o'clock on the evening of December 21, 1908, Miss Marion Gilchrist, an aged lady of means who was living alone in a comfortable apartment in Glasgow, sent her maid out to buy a newspaper.

The maid, Helen Lambie by name, closed and double locked the door behind her. She left within a peaceful and familiar scene. Miss Gilchrist sat in the cheerfully lighted dining room, reading a magazine at the table.

Ten minutes later the locked door, to which Helen Lambie alone had the keys and which was the only entrance to the apartment, was opened again upon a scene of horror. With it was opened also a tortuous mystery that is now darker than ever, after twenty years; a mystery that has produced an international *cause célèbre;* a mystery in which Conan Doyle himself played Sherlock Holmes.

When Helen Lambie set forth on her errand that December night, she had first to descend a private stairway leading from Miss Gilchrist's second floor apartment to the street door. This door, according to the maid's statement, she locked after her, as she had the upper door. She took with her, she states, both sets of keys.

This street door was the only entrance to Miss Gilchrist's stairs. If any one rang the bell, Miss Gilchrist could pull a wire and release the latch, so admitting her visitor to the stairs. As any such visitor ascended the stairs, Miss Gilchrist had plenty of time to look him over from the upper landing and, if she did not like his looks, to close her upper door, with its double lock and chain, against him.

It was well known that she did subject her visitors to this careful scrutiny. She had a reputation of taking no chances. She possessed considerable property, including a small hoard of jewelry, valued at approximately $6,900.

Directly below Miss Gilchrist's apartment, there was another apartment on the ground floor. It had its own entirely separate entrance upon the street and would not concern us, save for one circumstance. The lower apartment was occupied by a family named Adams, and Miss Gilchrist had an arrangement with

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them that if, at any time, she wanted assistance, she would knock on the floor. We may add that the apartment above Miss Gilchrist's was unoccupied and does not enter into the case.

Having left Miss Gilchrist reading her magazine, Helen Lambie bought the evening paper and returned to the old lady's apartment at No. 15, Queen's Terrace. She had been absent not more than about ten minutes, but on arriving at the apartment she found that the street door had been opened in her absence, and on ascending the inside stairs, she was met on the landing by the neighbor, Mr. Adams, who was not a little perturbed.

MR. ADAMS explained his presence by saying that, with his two sisters in the apartment below, he had been much alarmed by the repeated sounds above them of "a very violent fall and then three sharp knocks". Remembering Miss Gilchrist's desire that he should consider such signals to be a call for friendly assistance, he had come to see precisely what was the matter. Finding the street door ajar, he had ascended the stairs to the door of the apartment itself. This was still double locked, but he had violently rung the bell, three times, yet without response. But listening, he had heard inside Miss Gilchrist's apartment a sound like chopping sticks.

Adams had then returned to his sisters below in their apartment, but they, hearing further less violent noises, had insisted that he again visit Miss Gilchrist's stair. When Helen Lambie returned and found him there, Miss Gilchrist's apartment was wholly quiet. The noises had ceased.

On meeting Adams, it would seem to be clear that Helen Lambie was quite calm and collected. So far from displaying surprise or alarm, she suggested that the pulley in the kitchen, used for drying clothes, might have fallen, but this theory did not allay the anxieties of Mr. Adams. He now learned for the first time that Miss Gilchrist had been left — as it was assumed — alone in the apartment, and he insisted that there must be something seriously wrong. After these somewhat leisurely preliminaries, Helen Lambie, using her two keys, opened the door.

As they were entering, a man came out of one of the bedrooms. He was entirely cool and there was nothing in his demeanor to excite suspicion. He approached the door without haste, walked out, and then, suddenly putting on speed, dashed down the stairs, "like greased lightning," slamming the street door behind him.

EVEN after this apparition, Helen Lambie retained her composure. She entered the kitchen and the spare bedroom, and it was only after this inspection of other rooms that she proceeded to the dining room, where she had left her mistress. Her scream brought Mr. Adams to the scene.

A terrible sight awaited the eye. There on the table lay Miss Gilchrist's spectacles, the magazine that she had been reading, and even a half sovereign that, before Lambie went on her errand, she had happened to put there. Nothing of all this was disturbed but, stunned by a treacherous blow, Miss Gilchrist had fallen to the floor, and there her head had been so shockingly battered that she was speechless, and her life virtually extinct.

Lambie immediately rushed out of Miss Gilchrist's apartment and told

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the news to a niece of Miss Gilchrist, named Margaret Birrell, at whose residence she arrived at "about 7.15 P.M." — or within a quarter of an hour of the tragedy.

When the old lady's jewelry was examined, it was found that a glass dish on her dressing table, containing rings and other valuables, with her gold watch, had been untouched by the murderer. But apparently one brooch of value had disappeared. This was the extent of the robbery, if there had been a robbery. A wooden box had been broken open, however, and the murderer, finding papers therein, had scattered them on the floor. No weapon was found in the flat, but a chair may have been used to inflict certain of the injuries. It was stained with blood.

The windows of all the rooms were closed, except one in the kitchen which was open three inches. On a bit of lawn below the window, the police later found an augur. The murderer had lighted the gas and left behind him a match box but, in those days, Glasgow did not worry over finger-prints.

## II

THE murder aroused an immediate sensation. The brutality of it, the audacious behavior of the criminal, his escape in the early evening, and before witnesses — here was indeed a case to inflame public opinion. The police were hot foot on an arrest. Yet the case was not clear. No one in the house and no one in the street had obtained more than a momentary glimpse of the man, and the impressions of him, when later recorded, were uncertain and often contradictory.

Hence, there was great interest at Police Headquarters when, on Christmas Day, a cycle-dealer named Allan M'Lean reported that, at his club, there was a man of his acquaintance trying to dispose of a pawnticket, appertaining to a diamond brooch which answered roughly to Miss Gilchrist's. The scent developed when it was learned that this suspect had an assumed name, "A. Anderson," that he had recently taken a flat in Glasgow and furnished it on the hire-purchase system, that at this very date he was leaving this flat to two German women from one of whom he had borrowed £25, and that he was sailing with yet another lady, not his wife, to New York, under a new pseudonym, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Sando. As a dealer in jewels, it was conceivable that Sando had obtained admittance to the apartment by offering to Miss Gilchrist a bargain. That no touch of melodrama should be omitted, let us add that Sando had shaved off his moustache and that the liner on which he booked his passage was none other than the ill-fated *Lusitania*.

EXCITED opinion embellished this aspect of the case. There were stories of Miss Gilchrist's rooms and floors being torn up, and of diamonds thrown upon the pavement! A more serious question was whether the old lady was what was called "a resetter" of jewels — that is, a receiver of stolen goods, which avocation would have brought her into touch with dubious characters. It was a surmise that militated against Otto Sando.

Here seemed to be a perfect case: First, the brooch as clue; next, an alien without definite residence or income; then, a man of dubious

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morals; and finally, a fugitive from justice. With obvious alacrity, the police decided that Sando must be arrested in New York and cables were dispatched to that effect. Sando was seized and consigned to the Tombs, pending extradition.

THE case had now ceased to be Scottish alone, or even British; it was international and, in the prosecution of Sando, a treaty with the United States was involved.

Sando was extradited, and on his arrival at Glasgow he was welcomed with all the enthusiasm bestowed by an appreciative democracy on an appointed villain of the piece. Seething crowds, a rabid press, an eager prosecution, greeted this foreigner who had done to death an aged and gentle Scottish lady.

Still, despite the excitement and the deadly bias against this unpopular foreigner, which the judge deliberately inflamed, the case was crumbling. The hope that the jury would be unanimous for guilt, had faded away. The only chance of hanging the man lay in introducing some element of prejudice which would sway the minds of jurors, still wavering, and so turn an acquittal into a conviction. The Lord Advocate, who prosecuted, was Alexander Ure. He is now a Judge of the High Court of Scotland and a Law Lord. He introduced evidence as to Sando's character on which his comment was as follows:

> Up to yesterday afternoon I should have thought that there was one serious difficulty which confronted you, the difficulty of conceiving that there was in existence a human being capable of doing such a dastardly deed. Gentlemen, that difficulty, I think, was removed when we heard that he had followed a life which descends to the very lowest depths of human degradation. . . . That difficulty removed, I say without hesitation that the man in the dock is capable of having committed this dastardly outrage, and the question for you to consider is whether or not the evidence has brought it home to him.

So far from correcting this excess of righteous indignation on the part of the Lord Advocate, the trial judge — Lord Guthrie — laid down the principle that, because Sando was asserted to be immoral, therefore his guilt of murder was to be presumed. The actual words are:

> A man of that kind has not the presumption of innocence in his favor which is a form in the case of every man but a reality in the case of the ordinary man.

Sando was thus convicted of the murder. Yet even so, the decision was by majority only. Nine jurors voted guilty. Six took a different view.

DURING the trial, the man in the dock had been curiously complacent. Imperfectly understanding English, he had assumed that all was going with his case as he had anticipated. But when the verdict was being recorded, he suddenly awoke to his awful position. Ringing through the court, his voice asserted a plea of innocence.

"My father and mother are poor old people," he cried; and continued: "My Lord, what shall I say? I came over from America knowing nothing of the affair — to Scotland, to get a fair judgment. I know nothing about the affair — absolutely nothing. I never heard the name. I know nothing about the affair. I do not know how I could be connected with the affair. I know nothing about it. I came from America on my own account. I can say no more."

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The answer of Scottish justice was simple. Lord Guthrie assumed the black cap and sentenced Sando to death "in the usual form".

A rule, too, was adopted to prevent any prisoner having the chance of repeating so deplorable an indiscretion as this man's outburst had been. If Sando were convicted today, he would be hustled out of the Court, unheard.

## III

THIS narrative is not fiction but fact. Otto Sando is a real man whose name is known throughout the world to be Oscar Slater. This man did actually face execution on May 27, 1909. It was only on May 25 that, as a result of public protests, his sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life.

Now, after eighteen years of rigorous inprisonment, this friendless and unpopular German Jew, the Scottish Dreyfus, has been liberated by the direct intervention of Parliament itself. For his unmerited sufferings, he has been compensated by a payment of £6,000, or $30,000. As a solatium, it is little enough. But, at least, it entitles us to assume that the innocence of Oscar Slater is now indisputable.

In the extradition proceedings in New York, Slater was represented by able attorneys, Mr. Hugh Gordon Miller, of New York, and Mr. William A. Goodheart, of Baltimore.

From the first, these attorneys were convinced of Slater's innocence, nor has their interest in his case abated. Indeed, they had strong reasons for their point of view, which time has justified. For, at the very outset of the proceedings, the only clue which connected Slater with the murder and led to his arrest, broke down. It was proved beyond doubt and accepted by the police themselves that the brooch, for which Slater held the pawnticket, had been owned by him for months, and could not have been — in fact, was not — any brooch ever owned by Miss Gilchrist! The only link definitely connecting Slater with the crime had snapped.

Further, it was shown that the moustache had been removed weeks before the date of the murder and could not have formed any part of a scheme to effect a disguise. Moreover, the alleged flight from justice had been arranged well in advance of the crime, and Slater had registered at a hotel in Liverpool openly in his own name. If he used various names, the reason given was not the murder — this goes without saying — but his domestic perplexities. He had a wife, but she was not the only lady interested in him. In none of Slater's possessions or suits of clothes or overcoats was there discoverable the slightest trace of blood, or anything else to associate him with the crime.

EXTRADITION depended, then, on identification. As every lawyer knows, such evidence is, perhaps, the least reliable, even when given in good faith, of all offered in the witness-box. In this case, the circumstances precluded even an approach to certitude. To every one of these witnesses, Slater had been personally an entire stranger. On the day of the murder, not one of them had ever heard so much as his name.

Nor had any one of them caught so much as a glimpse of the murderer except in a doubtful light and for a second or two of time. Even so, the

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manner of the identification was obviously irregular. In New York, the leading witnesses were allowed to see Slater, in company with Deputy Marshal Pinkney, before they were summoned to testify. Their identification, with those that followed it in Scotland, was thus reduced to a farce.

For an innocent man, Slater behaved, moreover, in a curious fashion. His attorney in New York, Mr. Miller, advised him to appeal against extradition. The attorney was convinced that such an appeal would be successful. But Slater refused this chance — this probability — of release from detention. "I believe," said he, "in British justice;" and, in this belief, he returned to Scotland, ostensibly under arrest, in reality by his own decision. It was hardly the attitude of a murderer, conscious of guilt.

In Scotland, the identifications were repeated and multiplied. What could be easier? A dozen of the police in plain clothes were ranged in a row and the dark-skinned prisoner was told to stand among them. With wonderful unanimity, all kinds of people began to identify the face, suggested by its complexion, and already rendered familiar by photographs in the press. If the Lord Mayor of London had been as famous at that moment as Oscar Slater, he would have received precisely the same measure of identification. Read in cold blood, this testimony is a scandalous travesty of what ought to be a prosecution for a grave crime like murder. As an example of what has come to be called "railroading", it provides a perfect study for the criminologist.

In Lord Guthrie's charge to the jury, as now printed, there is a passage which should be scrutinized with care. It is the statement that, on circumstantial evidence alone, the jury should not convict. That salutary sentence appears, strange to say, to have been written into his charge by Lord Guthrie after Slater had been sentenced. Apparently, the charge of this judge, as he would have us read it, is not the charge which, in certain particulars, he delivered to the jury. The authorised version is a revised version!

Arrested on a clue known by the police to be false, identified by methods which were at best fallacious and at certain points a fraud upon truth, convicted by no testimony worth the name except testimony as to character, and prejudiced by a judicial charge admitted to have been indefensible in law, Slater was held to be too guilty to be released, yet not guilty enough to be hanged. It was a curious compromise.

## IV

Thus, although the general excitement of the case subsided, a number of people were disturbed by profound misgivings over the whole affair. To the amateur detective, the case presented fascinating opportunities of speculation, and interest deepened when, in 1912, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, representing Mr. Sherlock Holmes, took a hand in the matter. He wrote a book in defense of Oscar Slater which attracted wide attention. In it he used the Sherlock Holmes technique to make a case for Slater's innocence. Slater then smuggled out a despairing appeal to Conan Doyle — a note which a discharged prisoner concealed in his mouth. Conan Doyle received the note. He again took the

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matter up with the authorities, and thus kept the case in the public eye. The retort of the authorities was to regard the incident as a breach of discipline and to deprive Slater of all the privileges which he had earned by good conduct.

Despite this intervention of Conan Doyle's, it was not until the year 1927 that Parliament, utterly unable to escape from what had then become the Slater scandal, passed an Act that set up a Court of Appeal for Scotland. Five judges reviewed the original trial. Unanimously, they quashed the verdict. The most dramatic feature of the proceedings was the appearance in the Court at Edinburgh of Slater's two attorneys from New York — Hugh Gordon Miller and William A. Goodheart. At their own expense, they crossed the ocean in order to stand by their client of twenty years ago, nor did they accept any fee for their services. On the contrary, they subscribed to Slater's finances; and when a leading Scottish advocate was informed of this, he threw up his arms and cried, "Great God, is it possible?"

SLATER is today a free man. His innocence of the murder is held to be as certain as any fact can be in an uncertain world. He has been compensated. About him, there is no longer any mystery. Except in so far as his prosecution affects the real solution of the case, he is eliminated.

But with Slater out of the way, we are still faced by the fact that the murder was committed. We are still faced by the certainty that someone committed the murder. We are still faced by the question, who was that murderer? It is a serious matter when a murderer, impudent as this man, manages to "put it over" the legal authorities of two great nations, and "get away with it".

Indeed, there is a still more serious question. Why was a man so obviously unconnected with the crime as Slater ever indicted? The only clue connecting him with the affair — that is, the brooch — had hopelessly broken down. Yet for some reason, the police refused to look elsewhere.

SINCE the crime, twenty years have elapsed. In twenty years, the evidence of a crime is scattered. Witnesses die or travel to distant countries where they cannot be reached. The police, regarding the case as settled, do not trouble to pursue its details or even to preserve all of the material, relevant or irrelevant to the real issue. To say that any particular man, dead or alive, is guilty of this awful crime, would be to assume a responsibility, only to be discharged by a process of law. Yet it is hard to suppose that public opinion will allow the case to rest undetermined.

What, if any, was the excuse of the police? To begin with, there was the evidence of Antoine, Slater's mistress. She declared that Slater was at home for dinner at seven o'clock on the fatal day. The *alibi* was contemptuously dismissed by Lord Guthrie. It may have been no more impressive to the Court than other *alibis*. But, on the other hand, it was at least as reliable as evidence as any of the identifications elaborated by the police. Today, there is no reason whatever to doubt that Antoine spoke the truth. A woman's life may be pitiable. But that is no reason for assuming — as Lord Guthrie by im-

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plication suggested to the jury that they should assume — that her testimony is worthless.

AGAIN, with what weapon was Miss Gilchrist murdered? In Slater's baggage, a small hammer — the kind of thing you might pick up in a ten cent store — was discovered. The theory of the police was that, crossing the ocean as a fugitive from justice, he had carefully preserved this relic of his own guilt which at any time he could have thrown out of a porthole. On the hammer there were found, strange to say, no traces of blood or hair.

But was the hammer, carried by Slater to New York and used to convict him, the only instrument discovered by the detectives? Not at all. The window in Miss Gilchrist's kitchen was, as we have seen, found open by about three inches. Immediately below this window, on some grass, there lay an augur. This augur was "wet", and, to it, there was clinging human hair — gray hair — the hair of an aged person. Actually, the detective, examined as to the augur, could not state in the witness box — or would not state — what precisely was the nature of the wetness on the augur. Now, why did the police prefer to assume that Miss Gilchrist had been struck by a bloodless hammer belonging to Oscar Slater when they had in their hands all the time an augur — let us be frank about it — soaked in recent blood, with gray hair attached, and apparently thrown out of a window of the very apartment where the murder was committed? According to Sherlock Holmes, official detectives are stupid. But even stupidity has its limits. Was this conduct of the police due to mere stupidity?

It is quite true that Slater, if guilty, might have used an augur. If, however, the augur, with its deadly disfigurements, was ignored, and the hammer, with its absolute cleanliness, was substituted, the reason can only have been that some instrument had to be selected which could be connected with Slater.

There arises next the vital question how the murderer obtained access to the apartment. The window of the kitchen was open — as we have seen — but only two or three inches. Had the murderer entered that way, it is unlikely that he would have half closed the window behind him. Also the window was on an upper floor well above the ground and difficult of access. There is thus no serious suggestion that the murderer used any window for entrance, whether into the kitchen or other room of the apartment.

We may take it for granted that he entered by the doors through which he certainly made his exit. It follows either that he had means of opening those doors or that the doors were opened for him by someone else.

FOR the narrative of the crime, we have been dependent in the main on the narrative of Helen Lambie. Much of this evidence is of necessity unsupported by corroboration. It has to be examined, therefore, with particular care. After all, this Scottish lassie had to consider her own position. She was entangled — let us assume, by no fault of her own — in an exceedingly unpleasant affair.

Helen Lambie's evidence is simple. On going out, she locked both doors.

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Hence, says Lambie, the man, whoever he was, must have been admitted by Miss Gilchrist. She must have heard a ring at the street door, pulled the wire, seen the man ascend the stairs and, having seen him, let him in through the upper door at a time when she was entirely alone. Lambie's theory is supported by the fact that, as Adams found, the lower door into the street was unlatched.

THE case, presented by the police, was, of course, that the man so admitted by this nervous old lady, was a complete stranger, an obvious foreigner whose English was imperfect.

The conjecture never was even plausibly tenable; it was only by illogical forensic emphasis that its manifest absurdity was obscured. If, then, we demolish the thesis yet further, it is because a new point has to be made clear.

The Lord Advocate, with remarkable confidence, declared to the jury that "the motive for the crime is plain as daylight". Slater, he asserted, "came to know that she (Miss Gilchrist) was possessed of these jewels," and "in the sequel" of his speech he (the Lord Advocate) would show how Slater arrived at this knowledge. The Lord Advocate did not in fact produce any evidence that Slater knew of the jewels or even of Miss Gilchrist's existence. Not one witness had ever heard Slater mention Miss Gilchrist at any time or allude to her, or Miss Gilchrist allude to Slater.

Still, let us suppose that Slater, standing in the street, offered to buy jewels from Miss Gilchrist or to sell jewels to her. There still arises the vital question why, after so obtaining entrance into the apartment, he did not take the jewels on the dressing table which lay ready to his hand. A brooch was missed, but even this was not traced to Slater. Every other valuable was untouched and — assuming that the brooch was really missing — we may suggest that the murderer may have taken it for the express purpose of misleading the police.

It may be said that the murderer left the jewels alone because he was interrupted by the violent ringing of the bell on the part of Mr. Adams. But the jewels lay on the dressing table before his eyes. Five seconds would have been enough for him to slip them into his pocket.

MOREOVER, he knew that nobody ringing the bell could get into the apartment unless he — the murderer — opened the door from the inside, and while the bell was ringing he was actually employed on what sounded to Adams like "chopping wood". There is no reason, surely, to doubt what that sound meant. For in Miss Gilchrist's bedroom, there was a small wooden box, full of papers, usually kept under lock and key. This box was found broken open and the papers were scattered on the floor. We now can gather without much trouble why an augur was useful to the murderer. He had need of some such tool to break open the box. The box and not the jewels was what interested him. After all, the jewels, had he found the whole hoard, were no more than a part of Miss Gilchrist's property. But that property, owned by an old lady of eighty-two years, may have been affected as a whole by the contents of the box.

Here, then, we have at least a

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plausible suggestion, that the murderer was a man desperately eager, even at the risk of the gallows, to get at Miss Gilchrist's papers. We do not accept without reservations Lambie's theory that Miss Gilchrist must have let the murderer into the apartment. But at least that theory, true or false, becomes credible if the murderer was no stranger to the murdered woman, if he had a personal interest of some kind in her affairs, if, moreover, he was so well acquainted with the arrangements of her domicile as to be able at once to go even into her bedroom and pick out the precise box where her papers were to be found! The scattering of the papers on the ground suggests an eager search for the particular papers that were desired.

Such a man, well known to Miss Gilchrist, would not arouse in her mind a suspicion of violence. We can see how she came — according to Lambie's theory, which the police accepted — to open her doors to him.

INDEED, we may carry the argument further. In charging the jury, Lord Guthrie used a remarkable phrase. "Dead men," said he, "tell no tales." Nor do dead women. The violence of the attack on Miss Gilchrist was thus attributed to a determination forever to close her mouth.

That was used as a point against Slater. In reality, it was a point in his favor. A bandit, who is a stranger to his victim, does not need to murder. He prefers to avoid it. For the victim does not know his name and can only give a description which, as a rule, might apply to a thousand people.

Why did the murderer in this case lose all control of himself and beat Miss Gilchrist into pulp? Lord Guthrie was right. It was because the dead tell no tales. The inference is surely that the old lady recognized her guest, knew who he was, and, if she had been permitted to survive, would have ordered his arrest. The very character of the outrage thus corroborates the theory that the criminal was acquainted with his victim.

Let us add that this is no recent theory, here developed for the first time. It was the theory indicated by the police themselves immediately after the crime. The man they wanted was a man known to the victim, and they allowed the public to be aware of their surmise.

BUT there does arise a further question. Did Lambie tell the whole truth? Her conduct, when she met Mr. Adams on the landing, was curiously unexcited. Her suggestion that he had heard the fall of the clothes-pulley in her kitchen was manifestly insincere. Her entire acquiescence in the escape of the criminal, her quiet delay in going into the room where Miss Gilchrist was most likely to be — it has never been fully explained. Let us indicate — without accepting — certain obvious hypotheses. Had she admitted the murderer before she went for the paper? Had she handed him keys in the street? We do not know. We do not need to know. We merely suggest that any such theory predicates that the murderer was no stranger, like Oscar Slater, but a man familiar to one or other or both of the two occupants of Miss Gilchrist's apartment.

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Here we must allude to a body of evidence which was widely used in the trial. It was asserted by the prosecution that, for some days before the crime, a man had watched the apartment from the street. Five minutes before that fatal seven o'clock when Lambie went for the newspaper, the watcher was seen, so it is said, by a sister of Adams. That the watcher, if he existed, should have been identified after the event as Slater, though with obvious uncertainty on the part of the witnesses, acting as they were under suggestion, was a part of the case manufactured against the innocent man. But the theory that there was such "a watcher", is not of necessity to be dismissed as a delusion.

CONSIDER the state of mind of the murderer, as he stands on the threshold of his awful plunge into crime. Suppose him to be obsessed by the idea that he must see and search and even possess himself of papers belonging to Miss Gilchrist. Being acquainted with her, he is presumably a man of unblemished reputation. He has no desire to commit murder. But he does want to see the papers.

Obviously "the watcher", if he were the murderer, would want to get at the papers as quietly as possible. To enter the apartment without Miss Gilchrist's knowledge, would require ingenuity. Assuming that there was "a watcher", we can realize why he watched. He was waiting his opportunity, and Lambie, with her nonchalant conduct towards Adams, her cock and bull story about the clothes-pulley in the kitchen, and her subsequent career as a witness, may not have been wholly unaware of the watcher's intentions. If she suspected a struggle between the watcher and his victim, she could not but think that it must have taken place, either in the dining room where Miss Gilchrist had been sitting or in Miss Gilchrist's bedroom where the box of papers was placed. With Adams looking on, Lambie avoided both of these rooms as long as she could. She searched the kitchen and a spare bedroom where there was not the least chance of making a discovery, before she entered the dining room where she might expect to find her mistress.

IT MIGHT be supposed that this analysis of the case had exhausted the irregularities of an amazing prosecution. But there is still to be added one final and damning omission on the part of the police.

According to Lambie's sworn evidence, she proceeded, immediately after the murder, to the residence of Margaret Birrell, a niece of Miss Gilchrist. So hasty was Lambie's visit that she arrived at the residence of Margaret Birrell about 7.15 P. M., or within a few minutes of the crime. Clearly, her conversation with Margaret Birrell — spontaneous, excited, uninfluenced by the police — would be direct evidence of enormous importance. A witness to that conversation would have been Margaret Birrell. Yet, incredible though it seems, Margaret Birrell was not called upon to testify.

It is admitted that an officer, by name Detective-Lieutenant Trench, called on Miss Birrell, inquired of her about Lambie's visit, and took from her a statement. The question — the only question — is what statement was made by Miss Birrell.

In 1914, Detective-Lieutenant

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Trench found it impossible to keep silence any longer. He told what he knew. He paid the price for doing that duty. With an honorable and blameless record and recent promotion, he was suspended from duty, then dismissed; and, his health shattered by the humiliation, he died a martyr to the highest ends of justice. Amid this sordid and terrible tragedy, the name of Inspector Trench stands out as a bright feature in a dark drama.

THE report produced by Trench was explicit. Margaret Birrell is alleged to have said:

I am niece of the late Marion Gilchrist, who resided at 15 Queen's Terrace, West Princes Street. My mother was a sister of the deceased. Miss Gilchrist was not on good terms with her relations. Few if any visited her. . . . I can never forget the night of the murder. Miss Gilchrist's servant, Nellie Lambie, came to my door about 7.15. She was excited. She pulled the bell violently. On the door being opened she rushed into the house and exclaimed, "Oh, Miss Birrell, Miss Birrell! Miss Gilchrist has been murdered! She is lying dead in the dining room, and oh, Miss Birrell, I saw the man who did it!" I replied, "My God, Nellie, this is awful! Who was it, do you know him?" Nellie replied, "Oh, Miss Birrell, I think it was A. B. I am sure that it was A. B." I said to her, "My God, Nellie, don't say that! . . . Unless you are very sure of it, Nellie, don't say that!" She again repeated to me that she was sure it was A. B.

This was the statement on the part of Miss Birrell, produced in 1914 by Detective John Thomson Trench. The question — the sole question — we repeat is whether it is or is not an absolute fabrication.

An official and secret inquiry into the statement was ordered by the Scottish Office. It resulted in a direct conflict of testimony. Miss Birrell, Helen Lambie and various police officials denied that A. B. had been mentioned. We wish to allow to their denial all the weight that, under the circumstances, it deserves. It must be remembered, however, that every one of these witnesses had the strongest personal grounds for disliking the revelations of Trench.

ALSO, there were certain considerations, not to be overlooked.

(1) The statement itself. Does it read like an invention?

(2) The statement is corroborated by Cowan, a lodger at Miss Birrell's, in every respect save this — that, occupied in shaving, he did not hear Lambie's opening outburst about A. B.

(3) Chief Inspector Cameron testified in 1914 that the statement was actually made to him in December, 1908, by Trench as his report, at the time, of his interview with Miss Birrell. It was thus not a later invention but was known to the police a day or two after the murder.

(4) What conceivable object could Trench have had in fabricating the statement in the first instance, and ruining his career by disclosing it six years later?

(5) At the appeal, this year, Helen Lambie was urged by Slater's own friends to testify. It was found that she had migrated out of Scotland into the United States. She was offered her expenses to Edinburgh and back again. She refused to face the Appeal Court, and there were no means of compelling her attendance. Slater's counsel bluntly accused her of mendacity, and this charge, involving an implication of perjury, stands today unchallenged by this unhappy woman.

(6) At the original trial, the prosecu-

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tion did not call Miss Birrell as a witness, nor Cowan; nor was Trench, in his examination, questioned as to the account which he had given, according to Chief Inspector Cameron, of the Birrell statement.

(7) It is admitted that the police were proceeding on the assumption that A. B. was of importance when the clue of the brooch — a false clue, as at once was evident — was seized upon as a pretext for abandoning the earlier inquiries.

(8) It is further admitted that A. B. visited the apartment on the evening of the murder and was on terms which enabled him to be there as an acquaintance of the family.

THE point to be made here is thus clear enough. The jury never knew that Detective Trench had brought back direct from Miss Birrell to Chief Inspector Cameron what, unless he was lying, was a statement by Miss Birrell; or that, according to this alleged statement, Lambie had, within a few minutes of the murder, mentioned the name of the escaping man, whom she knew by personal contact. Assume that Trench was a liar, assume that Miss Birrell was a liar, assume that Lambie was a liar, everyone of them should have been put into the witness box and examined and cross-examined on these allegations before a verdict was asked against Slater. If a prosecution is to be permitted to withhold such evidence from a Court, criminal justice is impossible.

It is a serious matter, perhaps, that Great Britain, with her proverbial reputation for equity, should have invoked the aid of the United States, under treaty, to further an apparent abuse of criminal procedure. Unless absolute good faith is to be assumed, such treaties cannot be respected on either side.

In a case of perverted justice, no more grave than this, Emile Zola made the world ring with his *J'Accuse!* We make no pretense to stretch that bow of Ulysses. What has interested us is the mystery within a mystery which this case presents. One statement attributed to Miss Birrell may throw a final ray of light on the business. "Miss Gilchrist," we read, "was not on good terms with her relations. Few if any visited her . . ." An old lady, though not on good terms with her relations, may make, none the less, a will. Had she illegitimate descendants? It has been suggested. We do not know. Enough that Detective Trench found her to be — so he said — not on good terms with her relations; and old ladies sometimes dispose of their property, in such cases, in directions of which everybody does not approve. The question is, of course, not what will or other documents were left by Miss Gilchrist after the murder, but what will or other documents the murderer thought that she was about to leave.

THERE is thus one question which has been for years in the mind of every one who has studied the details of this case. Slater, though innocent, has suffered eighteen years of rigorous imprisonment. Trench, though disinterested, has been hounded into disgrace and death. Free use has been made of their names. Many men and women, unwillingly involved in this case, have had to face the music.

There is one man, among all these

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men and women, whose name must never be mentioned. Moslems of devout scruple are careful not to pronounce the awful syllables which indicate the Deity. A similar privilege has been extended by the authority of the law to the gentleman, whoever he be, respectfully indicated by the letters, A. B. Approach this distinguished person, dead or alive, with all reverence. He is sacrosanct. Even Parliament must not dare to inquire into the identity of this carefully guarded and illustrious recluse. Who is A. B.? Or who was he in the year 1908? Until the whole of the memorandum of John Thomson Trench is published, without either asterisks or other devices for hiding that to which the public opinion of two nations is entitled, the restless spirit of Miss Gilchrist will continue to haunt the halls where justice was denied to her memory.

# Dead Letters

By Theda Kenyon

Frail things of yellowed paper and pale ink,
One with the distant cylinders of clay
And picture writings of a long spent day,
Whose eager messages have lost their link
With human needs, and hover on the brink
Of dim forgetfulness—whose writers, gay
Or sad, can never wholly cease to say
The things which they have long since ceased to think:

You hold imprisoned in your deathless power
Loves that are cold, tears that no longer flow—
The broken petals of a faded flower
From whose seed buds can never hope to blow. . . .
Yet . . . you hold safe until the Final Hour
Moons that are dark, suns that no more may glow. . . .

This letter, round whose pages rose-scent clings,
Might once have saved some love now long time dead,
Had not its tender lines remained unread,
And so set free a host of happenings;
And this—who knows?—might have dethroned great kings,
So slyly strong the writing, though has fled
The writer; and this other, had it sped,
Could have foretold the beating of gaunt wings. . . .

I wonder—had you filled your destiny,
And carried from far lips to waiting ears
Your messages—what difference there would be,
What widening-circles of new hopes and fears . . .
Like death-sealed lips, you hold your mystery
Unanswered, through the swiftly-weaving years. . . .

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# Tired Business Men of the Campus

By Max McConn
*Dean of Lehigh University*

*Being a defense of Greek Letters for Go Getters — How our college fraternities have outwitted the faculty, circumvented the higher learning, and made university life the best of all business success schools*

The Greek language has very nearly passed out of our American colleges, except for the alphabet. But the alphabet flourishes exceedingly. Every freshman learns his letters in that ancient tongue — learns them from handsome brass plates which adorn magnificent mansions, and from resplendent jeweled pins on the waistcoats of magnificent young men who issue forth from the mansions to rule the college scene.

The fraternities, in whose nomenclature the alphabet of Plato survives among us, have long been a subject of controversy. Their members — those fine young men with the jeweled pins — will tell you they are temples of a mystical brotherhood. But there are others who whisper — or sometimes shout — that they are rather schools of snobbishness and parking space for lounge lizards. What is the truth?

And, further, what is the significance of this impressive institution, the fraternity, with respect to the colleges in whose shadow it has grown up and prospered so mightily? Within recent years the college itself has become nearly as controversial a topic as the fraternity. Is there any connection between the two controversies?

In my opinion the connection is fundamental, so that the two subjects can most profitably be discussed together.

Fundamentally, the local chapters of the Greek letter fraternities are what college officers call "living groups". As such they are classified with the college dormitories. In effect, indeed, the chapter houses constitute important additions to the dormitory facilities. From one-third to two-thirds of the total enrollment may be housed in this way. These houses constitute one of the gifts which these modern Greeks have brought to the colleges.

But the fraternities differ from other living groups in that membership is attainable only by invitation, and it may be worth while to consider the criteria by which certain freshmen are selected for the privileges of fraternity membership, while the rest are relegated to the outer darkness of

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dormitories and other rented rooms.

In "rushing" a freshman, fraternities take account of four principal points: money; family; the preparatory school which the rushee has attended; and personal qualities.

I HAVE listed these points in climactic order. Money is the least considered of the four; the possession of sufficient funds is essential, but beyond that unimportant. The boy with the largest roll and the handsomest motor car in the whole class may be left out. Family is somewhat more heavily weighted; if a boy's father is a man of mark in his home town, and his mother a social leader there, his chances are good. As to the preparatory school, please let no one suppose that scholastic standards are weighed. The point in question is exclusively the social reputation of the school; this third criterion is merely supplemental to that of family.

But the most interesting criterion is the fourth: personal qualities. These are of two kinds. One kind relates to "personality". If a lad has an agreeable exterior, a winning smile, and a pleasing manner, if he is a "slick dresser" and a "smooth talker", and if he is duly accredited as to purse, progenitors, and preparatory school, he is sure to be taken. Nay, if his "slickness" and "smoothness" are exactly right, he will get in despite serious deficiencies in one or more of the other items. On the other hand, if he is notably deficient in "personality", notorious millions and Mayflower ancestry and New England's most famous Eton all combined may fail to land him safely. The second kind of personal qualifications consists of capacities, reported or displayed, for distinction in outside activities — athletics, the glee club, the annual comic opera, or even college journalism. Where any such capacity is definitely present, many other things may be overlooked.

From the foregoing account it will be seen that fraternities consist of very agreeable, personable young men, living together most comfortably, and devoting themselves chiefly to athletics and other outside activities — with, of course, some incidental attention to studies.

I HAVE kept away from the subject of studies as long as possible, but one cannot (as yet) avoid it entirely in discussing the life of college students. So I find myself face to face with the problem of explaining as fairly as I can the attitude of the fraternities and of most fraternity men toward studies and scholarship.

Fraternities are officially interested in this matter to the extent of seeing to it that their members "stay in college", and also that they "keep off probation" (because a student "placed on probation" is usually debarred from participation in athletics and other outside activities). To this end most chapters enforce a rule requiring their freshmen to "stay in" for four nights each week. And even a sophomore or an upperclassman who is notoriously delinquent in his studies may be labored with by the head of the house, especially if he is prominent in athletics or some other activity — in an effort, of course, to keep him eligible to remain in residence and to continue his contribution to the glory of the chapter through his extracurricular achievements.

Beyond this point one cannot truth-

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fully say that the fraternities in general concern themselves with scholastic matters. Occasionally there is a group which strives to win the scholarship cup or other trophy which is often offered to the fraternity having the highest scholarship average. But it is the consensus of opinion among the fraternities that such distinction is pale and of little real importance to the chapter which attains it. At every college, to be sure, there are regularly a few fine scholars in the fraternity group — to whom their chapters, when reminded of this aspect of collegiate life, will point with pride. But these men are in fraternities almost in spite of, certainly not on account of, their intellectual abilities and attainments. In every fraternity house I ever visited the whole atmosphere and spirit is definitely non-intellectual. The recognized, accepted topics of conversation in these houses are invariably athletics, other outside activities, and girls, and any theme which could by any stretch of language be classified as intellectual or "high-brow" is taboo — socially incorrect.

Is not this fact a curious and interesting one to be predicated of specially selected groups of young men who are supposed to be devoting their lives for the time being to the higher learning?

SOME may suppose that the foregoing exposition is intended as an "indictment" of fraternities, that the facts presented support the charges of idleness and frivolity which are sometimes made, the lounge lizard view. But that view is entirely erroneous. The fraternities do harbor a few lounge lizards, but not many, and they do not want them. The occasional lounge lizard is no more typical than the sporadic Phi Bete.

Fraternity men in general are exceedingly industrious. Most of them work night and day, week in and week out. They have their classes to go to and their lessons to be got (after a fashion), as the necessary price of continuance in college, and these things take quite a lot of time, at least during certain weeks immediately preceding quizzes and final examinations. And then, over and above this, they have their all-important outside activities to keep up. They have to play on teams, to practice for the glee club and the band, to get up theatricals, to publish various periodicals, to organize meetings, to give dances and banquets, to sit on numberless boards and committees, and so on, almost without end. Idle? Believe me, it is rather "the strenuous life".

MOREOVER, these multiform outside activities are educational in a very high degree. The students themselves realize this fact and insist upon it, with an almost pathetic insistence, to the usually deaf ears of deans and professors. Indeed these students maintain that their own activities are more important educationally than their studies — that they, in their own phrase, "get more out of them", more training of mind and character than their books afford.

We may say, of course, that these young undergraduates are not competent to judge the comparative educational values of activities and book-learning. But as alumni later, having tested their training in the hard post-graduate school of business life, they express no regrets and no change of view. They still maintain, years after-

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ward, that in giving preference while in college to activities rather than studies they chose the better part. And the acid test of their sincerity in such expressions comes when they send sons to college and are openly more concerned that the boy should "make" a fraternity and a team, should become a "student leader", than that he should pay any particular attention to books.

In short, the great majority of fraternity men — though they give only the compulsory minimum of attention to those aspects of higher education which are represented by the faculty and the curriculum — are neither idle nor frivolous. They are earnestly at work on another course of training, devised and developed by themselves, which they select for its superior educational advantages.

Personally, I have become convinced that they are right, that their claims are sound, that their choice is justified — for themselves and the very large number of present day collegians whom they represent.

Obviously, however, these students with their self-devised course of training, consisting of outside activities, stand for a conception of higher education quite different from the traditional idea with which the curriculum and the labors of professors are associated.

The older type of higher education relied almost exclusively on one instrumentality, namely, learning — book-learning. It assumed that young men who came to college desired this thing called learning and had some use for it; that they had the capacity for getting out of books not only facts but general ideas, conceptions, points of view, attitudes of mind, even emotions; that, consequently, they could be trained by this instrument of book-learning, their minds developed, their characters molded; that they could be taught a critical analysis of ideas, logical reasoning, æsthetic appreciation, ethical evaluation, and the like.

This assumption was probably true of most of the students who went to our American colleges a hundred years ago; and we must not overlook the fact that it is true today of a considerable number of our present students. But within the last forty years our colleges have been invaded by the whole populace, as it were. They have come to enroll practically all the sons (and daughters) of those numerous citizens who in this prosperous land are able to purchase bachelor's degrees for their children. The number of these children registered in our colleges today runs to something like eight hundred thousand. Clearly no such enormous group of young people can be capable of profiting by the old type of higher education. It is quite inconceivable — and very likely it would be undesirable — that any such proportion of the total youthful population should be bookishly inclined to the degree that the old instrument — book-learning — demands.

There are really a great many, to be sure, whom the old education does fit, who do have the necessary aptitudes. Let me insist on this; for I do not wish to be pessimistic or cynical. They come — these *bona fide* young intellectuals — from all walks of life and all grades of society. Never before or elsewhere have the treasures and pleasures of the higher learning been dispensed to so large a propor-

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tion of those young citizens who have intellectual propensities.

But the great majority of the new hordes are simply nonplussed and bewildered by the higher learning — and intolerably bored. They can read, of course. They can learn facts and parrot them back to professors in recitations and quizzes, but as for getting any real understanding or appreciation of literature, history, mathematics, or science — it just is not in them. They simply are not "intellectuals" — not "highbrows". In fact, they would repel such epithets with scorn. But to get any real education from the old instrument — the higher learning — you need to be an "intellectual" and a "highbrow". There is no training of either intelligence or character to be got from books or studies unless you love these things, unless they absorb you, move you, carry you away.

IF ANYONE had foreseen the intolerable situation in which the majority of the new collegians would find themselves, he might have wondered, with some anxiety, what they would do. They might have sunk into mere apathetic idleness and loafing. A considerable number did and do; these constitute the most difficult "cases" a college officer encounters. Or they might have sought the distractions of vice. Some did and do. But the great majority did and do neither of these things. They are energetic — tremendously so; they are, on the whole, clean and wholesome; and, while they are distinctly not "intellectual," they are intelligent enough in their own way, that is, in "practical" matters, in running around and doing things. So they seized upon the rudimentary outside activities which were to be found in the colleges forty years ago and have developed them to the tremendous proportions which they bear on every campus today. And the fraternities, though not solely responsible for this development, became in fact — because they were such convenient organized centers to work from — their most efficient promoters and deserve the greater part of the credit.

In the beginning, the fraternity men and others were merely turning in desperation to something which they could do with some self-felt interest. They did not, of course, deliberately set out to create a new instrument of education. But that is what they have achieved — as they themselves now perceive and maintain.

LET US consider the nature and results of this new brand of higher education. It cannot be asserted that it seeks or attains quite the same goals as the older instrument, learning. Among the older objectives I have previously mentioned the critical analysis of ideas, logical reasoning, æsthetic appreciation, and ethical evaluation. The young men here in question are not capable of these things. What they admire and wish to emulate are those qualities of character and mind which make for practical "success" in the adult world of business and organizations: such moral qualities as the fighting spirit, the will-to-win, initiative, and energy; and such intellectual capacities as are involved in meeting and dealing with other people and planning and organizing. They perceive clearly enough that these are the qualities and capacities which will bring jobs and promotion. And they

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perceive also that in the mimic business world of college activities, with its politics and intrigues, its tremendous setting up of machinery and organization, its multiplicity of practical things to be done, they have an almost perfect school for the "go-getter" — which is exactly what they aspire to become.

As I said before, they are quite right. They have found a new instrument of education, admirably adapted to their purposes and capacities; and with all the energy of ambitious youth they proceed to train themselves therewith, disregarding so far as practicable the obstructive curriculum still sponsored by the faculties but designed for other purposes and capacities than theirs.

In short, our colleges are no longer homogeneous as to constituency or as to the kind of education they afford, but are serving two quite different groups: a minority who are intellectually gifted and carry on the older collegiate tradition, working with the faculties at intellectual tasks, towards intellectual and spiritual goals; and a large majority who are avowedly non-intellectual, for whom the old objectives are impossible and the old methods meaningless, but who are eagerly pursuing a new kind of training splendidly adapted to their own purposes and abilities.

The fraternities have become the stronghold and chief agency of the new majority education. This new pedagogical instrument is their great and significant gift to the colleges.

It is true, of course, that this major gift may be regarded as dangerous from the standpoint of the older tradition. The social dominance of the fraternities on every campus, combined with their natural disregard for book-learning, as a thing merely incidental, or even antagonistic, to their own purposes and efforts, tends to weaken that older tradition even in the minds of those students who are capable of profiting by it. But doubtless this scarcely avoidable injury to the minority is more than compensated by the great benefits afforded to the majority.

Finally, this exposition should set at rest the charges so frequently made that the fraternities are "undemocratic." The fact is that the fraternities are the refuge of what we may call the intellectual proletariat. It is largely through their efforts that our colleges are now devoted predominantly to the democratic object of training practical business men, rather than to the mere advancement of learning and what used to be called "culture" among a selected few who happen to be intellectually gifted.

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# Madame Arrives in Politics

By Eunice Fuller Barnard

*After "lingering on the brink" for eight years, the matronhood of America puts boldly out to leadership in public and party affairs*

Politics, my grandmother used to tell me, was rather shady business. It consisted of deals carried on by more or less undesirable men behind closed doors. The best men seldom mixed in it. When one did, such as George Washington or Daniel Webster, it was no longer politics but statesmanship.

Statesmanship, however, dealt with such abstruse matters as tariffs and monetary standards, of little interest or concern to women. In neither politics nor statesmanship obviously would any right-minded woman think of taking part. In one case she would be soiling her hands. In the other she would be meddling in affairs with which she was not qualified to deal. If by some fluke outside of nature's plan woman should some time be given the vote, her whole duty would be to use it wisely to the glory of God and the Republican party.

My grandmother was a New Englander. So was my other grandmother, who was brought up in the philosophic shadow of Concord. She believed that women were as capable of intelligent voting as men. In the quiet of her own soul she may even have imagined the time when some good woman might sit in the United States Senate, arguing in a dignified, persuasive way for temperance or the abolition of child labor. But even she, I am sure, never envisioned women in "politics". There would have been something repugnant to her in the thought.

Yet I believe that were my grandmothers alive and only fifty years old today, they would both have hearty political interests, and that one of them, probably the former, would be working in the present Presidential campaign. For it is exactly this conservative, middle-aged type of woman who today in a different era, far more experienced and worldly-wise, has risen easily and naturally to the political saddle.

Politics, I believe the current campaign has demonstrated, is one of the most congenial occupations in the world to the mature, leisure-class American woman whose children are grown and who is looking about for a new outlet for her energies. Once the old-time stigma and the strangeness have been dispelled, once her help is acclaimed by the men, as it has been

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perforce in 1928, she proves a tireless and devoted worker.

Politics indeed has suddenly shown that it has every psychological charm to woo the woman whose lot has been cast in domestic places, as mother, hostess, and possibly club or philanthropic worker. It deals with people. So always does she. It is a volunteer job. That is what she is used to. It is partisan. So by popular repute, whether rightly or wrongly, is woman. At campaign time it gives her directly what all her quondam committee and charitable activities usually could offer her only indirectly — the sense of affecting the national life. It gives her, too, what often times she never otherwise has had, the feeling of participation in a man's world.

If to all this can be added in her mind a translation of political issues into moral ones, the reforming instincts of generations of pioneer ancestresses rise within her, and she works without reward or hope of glory. In a day when the hospital auxiliary and the missionary society have lost their volunteer savor, political party work seems, and has recently proved, an ideal vehicle of self-expression for the jobless wealthy woman of an older generation.

All this men, and women too, have been slow in seeing. And it has only been the fortuitous incidence of issues and candidates in the present campaign that has illuminated this natural affinity of women and politics as if by a lightning flash. In the first eight years of their enfranchisement, women's political freedom fell upon stony ground. Men politicians were suspicious and afraid of the unknown voters. Women themselves were politically ignorant and timid. Even the hundreds of thousands of suffragists, with the flame of victory and zeal of citizenship still bright upon them, soon had their ardor quenched. In neither political party did they find more than a pseudo-welcome. In neither did they find any issue to which to apply their crusading zeal. In the national elections of 1920 and 1924 some thirty-seven per cent. of the vote is estimated to have been cast by women, but no statistician seems to know or care whether it had any appreciable influence on the result. In the general Republican landslide the women's votes were tacitly agreed to be negligible.

In the eight years between 1920 and 1928, among the hundreds of important elective offices filled, only in perhaps a dozen instances did either political party seriously propose a woman. Two women became State Governors; one, Mayor of Seattle; seven, Representatives in Congress; and one for thirty-six days filled out an unexpired term in the Senate. In addition there were a few women who achieved hard-won reputations in minor offices. In legal positions there were Judge Florence Allen of Ohio, and Assistant United States Attorney-General Mabel Walker Willebrandt. In local politics in New York City, there was Alderman Ruth Pratt.

As far as the party organizations went, the men usually duplicated all the existing offices with special women's positions. There are a man and a woman member, for instance, from each State on the National Committee of each party, and likewise from each county on the State Committee, thus giving the women equivalence in name

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though not in power. In fact, the matter went as in any good coeducational high school. The boys took all the desirable offices, and gave the girls the assistantships and a good deal of the work.

But in the few cases where women achieved real office, there was one outstanding and entirely unprophesied phenomenon. Two-thirds of these high office-holders simply inherited the political mantles of their husbands. Both women Governors — Nellie Tayloe Ross, of Wyoming, and "Ma" Ferguson, of Texas — as well as five out of the seven Representatives in Congress, were elected to carry on their husbands' policies. And this seems to be true also within the parties. The woman Vice-Chairman of the Republican National Committee is Mrs. Alvin T. Hert, whose husband was one of the chiefs of the Hughes and Harding campaigns of 1916 and 1920. Mrs. Ross holds the corresponding position in the Democratic party, while Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, whose husband nominated Mr. Smith, is Chairman of the Women's Advisory Committee.

Thus, controverting the jeremiads of generations of anti-suffragists, it would seem that wifely devotion and the solidarity of the home have been the shortest roads to feminine political preferment. These wives were the women the party leaders knew and trusted. Moreover, from the vantage point of years of intimate observation, they better than their sisters understood the political game. It had for them neither the strangeness nor the terror that it sometimes holds for the feminine outsider. At a time when practically all feminine political knowledge was vicarious, they had the inside track. It should also be remarked that they who best knew the game and had the chance entered into it with zest. Thus the candidate for Congressman-at-Large this year from Illinois is Ruth Hanna McCormick, bred to politics both as daughter and wife.

So, slowly, and apparently ineffectually from the viewpoint of women's political advance, time went on. A few women began to protest at their exclusion from the inner party councils. But party leaders pointed to their double-column committee lists and paid no further heed. In their eyes, so far as voting went, women were an unorganized minority. Then suddenly burst upon them the campaign of 1928. From all parts of the country, county clerks reported the greatest women's registration in history as imminent. Women volunteers in the midst of the sultriest summer in years almost literally stood in line to offer their services.

By midsummer party chiefs, mopping their bewildered brows and consulting election laws and census lists, discovered that in Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Maryland, more women than men were eligible to vote if they chose to register and exercise the right. In a few scattering towns from New England to California, statisticians discovered already more women than men on the election rolls. In the country at large politicians awoke with something akin to amazement to the fact that women are over forty-nine per cent. of the possible electorate. In 1924, without any special interest or urging, the women's vote is estimated to have been 10,000,-

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000. This year 14,000,000 began to look plausible.

Over night the psychology of the situation was reversed. Woman, who for eight years had done little more than wash the political dishes, now suddenly was set on a cushion, and fed upon strawberries, sugar and cream. Down at Republican National Headquarters in Washington, sixteen of the thirty-two rooms were given over to the women's activities. In the councils of the Democratic National Executive Committee in New York, a woman sat in actual fact, as well as name, as one of the leading strategists of the campaign. Newspapers bristled daily with headlines of the women's drives. Into the movies and the rotogravure sections moved the pictures of the women party leaders. For the first time they were of major importance, because for the first time they had a constituency.

WHAT suddenly had created this feminine advance upon the ballot box, is a moot point. One influence was of course the slowly cumulative effects of political education. Another was doubtless the vastly increased use of the radio. Many a woman "listening in" on the party conventions has lost her awe of politics. Moreover, according to M. H. Aylesworth, President of the National Broadcasting Company, a revolution in radio listeners' preferences has recently taken place. Where the majority used to be "in favor of music, and very much against talk," now millions of fans desire serious political discussion. As early as last spring he forecast a greatly increased women's vote, due in no small measure to the weekly broadcasts of debates on national issues arranged by the League of Women Voters. Since January, twenty-four stations, with an estimated audience of 17,000,000, have been carrying these bi-partisan discussions across the continent.

For many women the radio has been a kind of Paul Revere of politics, awakening them to interest in remote and rural places, giving them for the first time the direct thrill of the contest. But this year, it must not be forgotten, it had for the first time since their enfranchisement the message of an emotionally stirring Presidential fight to carry. Here is a dramatic human opposition of candidates in personality and methods such as the country has not seen in a century. Not since Andrew Jackson proved that the gentleman-President was replaceable by the log-cabin pioneer type, has there been any fundamental challenge by any new sort of Presidential contender. Today comes a real champion out of the city tenements.

This is no contest of economic principles. Its undercurrents of feeling flow about questions of conduct — of prohibition, of religious and social tolerance — of the sort women are used to considering, and which they feel themselves equally competent with men to judge.

MOREOVER, it is doubtless true, after discounting the immense partisan publicity on this point, that in Mr. Hoover, many of the older women feel a special interest because of his connection with their home problems when he was Food Administrator during the war. Whether or not this fact will have much influence on their votes, it contributes to their general feeling that this election is quite as much their affair as the men's. It is

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also true that it was women themselves, and not men press agents in their behalf, who first created the slogan that Mr. Hoover was the women's candidate. At the Kansas City convention Mrs. Hert is reported to have said: "If you nominate Hoover, the women of the country will elect him."

At both nominating conventions, indeed, the women in spite of their small numbers made definite gains in prestige. Mrs. Willebrandt was chairman of the important Credentials Committee, and she and Mrs. Hert were among the active workers who achieved Mr. Hoover's nomination. Similarly at Houston, Mrs. Ross figured among the Smith seconders, and women were the leaders of the counter anti-Smith dry movement. In both conventions, too, women surprised the men of their own delegations by sometimes voting at variance with them. There was evidently among the sparse feminine cohorts a new confidence born of experience.

THEN and since it has been coming over the party leaders that these women, who look as pleasantly uniform on the outside as so many fashion plates of what the middle-aged woman should wear, are of many minds within. Among the chief women Hoover supporters were some of the most outspoken women wets — Alderman Ruth Pratt of New York, and Mrs. Charles Sabin, national committee-woman from that State. On the other hand, the women heads of the Smith campaign, Mrs. Ross and Mrs. Roosevelt, were almost militantly dry.

But, conversely, it is no less amazing to see when the spotlight was suddenly thrown upon them how like in exterior position and characteristics were the women of both parties and all shades of opinion who had achieved national party office. Gradually into politics through the first silent, apathetic years, and now with a rush, have gone apparently not so much the younger women, not the outwardly aggressive types, but matrons of tact, leisure, and comfortable financial circumstances. They are the women who have the time, the acceptability to the men party chiefs, and the money to spend on travel to party conferences and on gifts to party war-chests.

SOME of them, too, through women's clubs and other organizing activities, have a considerable feminine following. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, of the Democratic Women's Advisory Committee, for instance, has long been prominent in the New York League of Women Voters. Mrs. Ellis A. Yost, of the Republican National Committee, has for a decade been a bulwark of the W. C. T. U. Mrs. Elizabeth Clark, Republican leader of Ohio, is a war mother, State President of the American Legion Auxiliary, while Mrs. W. N. Thayer, of Massachusetts, was State head of the Food Administration during the war.

Notable too are the number of women who have had executive positions in business. Mrs. Hert took not only her husband's political mantle, but his chair at the head of the American Creosoting Company. Mrs. Bertha Baur, National Committee-woman from Illinois, succeeded her husband as vice-president of the Liquid Carbonic Company and the Federal Brass Works. Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Sharpe, one of the Repub-

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lican heads of the Rhode Island campaign, is the founder of the "Mary Elizabeth Candy Shops". Mrs. Bernice Pyke, Democratic Committeewoman from Ohio, is proprietor of a Cleveland bookshop. Miss Elizabeth Marbury, prominent in New York Democratic circles, is a well known play-broker.

All these women are a good deal more than pleasant figure-heads. They have judgment, social experience, and financial or vote-getting power, sometimes both. They enjoy politics, and for the moment they and their general type are in the seats of the mighty. Whether they will be the continuing political type, whether the men party chiefs will appreciate and reward them enough to keep their zeal, or whether the flapper, too, will one day come to take politics into her own masterful hands, remain of course to be seen.

# Flight

By Margaret Widdemer

But I suppose you could not know that while her hand was lying
In your hand for leading, yet still her soul flew far;
It was light and white enough, and still it must go flying
To the strange lands of Samarcand where watching genies are;

You could always guide her feet on any path that wandered,
Sharp stones or hilly road, and she would go with you;
But the strange bird her little soul, you reached to still its singing
And clip its wings and blind its eyes from wind and sun and dew;

Oh, you could have trusted it to choose its own wild pathway—
Gold it brought and gems enough if only it flew free;
But none could guide its flying on its own road, its far road,
Not even you it homed to fast could keep it under key;

Pain has been, and grief enough, and bitterness and crying,
Sharp ways and stony ways I think it was she trod;
But all there is to see now is a white bird flying
Whose bloodstained wings go circling high—circling up to God!

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# Spinach—for Others

By T. Swann Harding

Author of "The High Cost of Doctoring" in the October *North American Review*

*A trenchant analysis and exposure of the diet fads which vex the suffering stomachs of mankind with "Lo, here!" and "Lo, there!" of proteins, calories, vitamins, acid-bases, and roughage*

Among the undeniable transgressions for which, I suppose, I shall some time be compelled to face the minatory acerbity of a just and somewhat irritated Heavenly Being of unknown appearance and proportions, is the criminal fact that I have been a physiological chemist charged with the study of animal nutrition. In short I belong to the Amalgamated Order of Believers in Spinach — for Other People. But though part of my punishment be reserved to make things more interesting in the hereafter, I am not altogether denied certain minor annoyances in the here and now.

For instance, I went the other day to lunch with an anæmic and dyspeptic gentleman who took me to a place of prophylactic torment where calories and vitamins are stipulated on the bill of fare. To his obvious horror I ordered quite nonchalantly. As a matter of fact I altogether omitted spinach! To make matters worse, I not only drank coffee, but indulged in fried meat escorted by fried potatoes and in the total, not to say marked, absence of salad.

My companion finally looked up from his life and death struggle with roughage, vitamins and calorie limitations, ordered an asparagus omelet, bran muffins and a glass of milk, and then shot me a stab of rebuke from his eyes which scorched my very soul and made me eat thereafter in humility and in shame. As we left the place, he religiously bought raisins to supply him with iron; and sighed dismally.

Had I been so disposed, I could have adduced excellent scientific evidence to prove that fried potatoes are more digestible than boiled potatoes, that the absence of roughage and vitamins from a meal or two is not fraught with disaster, and that dried beans and peas — indeed quite a number of things — contain more iron than raisins which are, in fact, quite low in this mineral constituent. But I did not dare adduce such facts. The gentleman had faith in his vitamins and his bran. He would have pounced

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upon me ferociously as a heretic. So I adopted the humble mien of a man who knew better but had strayed into sin, while at the same time professing high admiration for his dietetic rectitude.

A state of depression abided with me until the afternoon mail brought a letter from a physician friend associated with a justly famous clinic, in which he spoke with some wrath and considerable expletive refinement. A friend of his, in a nearby city, had been stricken recently with an operable intestinal cancer. He gave directions that the patient be sent to the hospital and also insisted that he have a semi-liquid, easily digestible diet for the days intervening before he arrived to operate.

Two days later when he arrived at his friend's bedside the physician found him desperately ill with an intestinal obstruction. Before a colostomy (it sounds horrible, and probably is, but that is what the physician called it) could be performed, the patient died. At necropsy it was found that the bowel, at the point where the cancerous growth constricted it, was plugged with a large piece of lettuce stalk. The physician investigated, and found that in spite of his very strict instructions to the contrary, his patient had been fed raw fruits and salads. Moreover, the staff dietitian was very supercilious when he protested this and asked if he actually could be so ignorant as not to know that people must have their vitamins? In short, give them their vitamins though you kill them, was the new hospital slogan.

My rebuke for ignoring spinach sat less heavily upon me after this information. Moreover, the physician continued that, quite regardless of instructions, it is all but impossible to have a patient denied raw fruits, salads, spinach and bran muffins in any up-to-date American hospital today. The minute the surgeon says the patient can eat, and regardless of the nature of the illness or the operation, — even if upon the digestive tract, — salads and raw fruits appear upon the patient's tray and he eats. Thus cucumbers appeared upon the tray of another of his patients. The gentleman trusted the hospital and ate them. He is now where cucumber salad is very probably not on the menu, because nectar and ambrosia are considered more palatable.

The country, hospitals and all, has gone diet crazy. How much reason is there for such fanaticism? How much factual basis is there for the diet craze which not only induced my first friend to worry himself into nervous dyspepsia over vitamins and calories, but also has so potently invaded the hospitals of the land that patients get all manner of indigestible food whether they should have it or not? What, in short, — as very detestable people have a habit of asking me, — What do *you* know about human nutrition? What does anybody know? Are doctors simply using people, even poor, innocent children, as guinea pigs these days?

Diet has undergone a remarkable mutation during recent years. From the time of Hippocrates even unto days remembered by many of us, sick people got gruels and soft food. The typhoid patient is well remembered who, after finding that his first "meal" consisted of a tablespoonful of oatmeal gruel, demanded a postage

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stamp, because he now wanted to read a while.

Of course they sometimes went to extremes, even in the past. I remember a strapping blacksmith some years ago (it obviously was some years ago if a blacksmith was concerned), who entered a hospital for an operation on a bunion. He was kept for ten days on broth, milk toast and gruel. The surgeon merely forgot to specify his food and he got the orthodox post-operative diet of the day. Yet his subsequent remarks on hospitals and physicians somehow lacked dignity and repose and were, in an explosive sense, rather heroic, on a small scale.

AS A RACE we are prone to crazes. This is so true that it is not restricted to the man in the street. Crazes attack physicians. They afflict experimental scientists, for a dozen of them will invariably start in on a subject the minute one of them registers a minor success on that subject. In medicine, as every intelligent person knows, one fad simply follows another. We need only to mention appendicitis, neurasthenia, tonsils, infected teeth, intestinal auto-intoxication, constipation, infected gall bladder, etc., to illustrate this. We all know doctors who settle down to this or that fad and pursue it to the death — of many patients.

A few years ago human nutrition revolved around proteins, carbohydrates and fats. Later calories were popularized and became the major craze. Later still mineral balance came to ken, to be followed almost immediately by the great vitamin and roughage era, whence we have not yet emerged into what, I almost believe, may be an epoch of common sense in diet. Yet, let us hope that this common sense will be scientific and not a mere ignorant counter-fad.

What, then, do we know about diet? Are doctors merely experimenting upon us and our innocent offspring? In our research laboratories busy and unkempt specialists are keeping experimental animals — from rats to cows — under ideal conditions, changing diets on them, giving them deficiencies and superfluities, observing them, weighing them, and rushing madly to print with the little fractions of truth they think they have found. Very often, alas! their rush is so precipitant that their cargo is not factual at all, but merely adds another ill-founded paper to a literature already too cluttered by far.

EMBLAZONED in the public press each item, however uncertainly established in reality, is liable to start a fad somewhere. Appearing with more dignity (often with so much that the physician finds them incomprehensible) as abstracts in medical journals, these items look convincing and many doctors actually do read them and start off on raw liver fads.

What of the layman? After years of wandering in the Wilderness of Fad he needs common sense preached to him. He needs to realize that human nutrition did not wait patiently for Funk and Hopkins and McCollum and Evans to make it a science before it operated successfully. Many races fed themselves very adequately by traditional ideas, their members lived to good old ages and died happy before food constituents were identified. Other races, like the Chinese, have apparently adapted themselves very well to a low scale of nutrition and are

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active and quite healthy on a diet deficient in protein, calcium and vitamins. Some races are strict vegetarians, others live almost exclusively off meat or fresh blood. The Eskimo manages to subsist on what is essentially a one hundred per cent. animal diet (meat fat and protein) without undue constipation, high blood pressure, heart or kidney troubles.

MEN right here in the United States have lived hearty and healthy lives on practically one hundred per cent. meat diets. Thousands of people do not watch their acid-base balances with painful anxiety, eat with striking irregularity and monumental disregard for modern rules, drink curious blends of shellac, garment cleaner and stain remover, and yet live happily and usefully.

With this example before us, with evidence accumulating each day to demonstrate the unique character of each individual organism in a species, we yet embrace diet "systems", projected to satisfy the "average" man everywhere. There is no such average man.

Then the body itself is supplied with ample reserve power to take care of wide variations in diet and habit. Our hearts and lungs and muscles can do twice what we ordinarily call upon them to do. We can lose one kidney, a large portion of our liver or even, alas and alack, a very respectable fraction of our brains, and yet persist in health and in full possession of our faculties. Our organisms have remarkable powers of adjustment to neutralize excess acids or bases in our foods or to see that deleterious substances pass harmlessly on their way. Our digestive system is designed to handle roughly twice as much digestible food as we are normally accustomed to give it. Like a good mechanical contrivance, our bodies can handle a far greater load than they are guaranteed to handle.

A great truth that should be announced in the street car advertisements is this: vitamins and roughage are not inseparable. If any adult has a veritable vitamin mania, butter, milk, yeast, orange juice, lemonade, tomato juice, cod liver oil capsules, not to mention sunlight, are all readily available. The passion for stuffing the alimentary tract with indigestible cellular material is a very curious one. Actually no substance offers the digestive system greater resistance or gives it more work to turn into chyme, than what is essentially plant bone. Surely it is laxative, just as any substance which irritates the delicate intestinal mucosa leads rapidly to its own expulsion.

IN CERTAIN instances such material, found in spinach and in bran in very large amounts, is dangerous to health. A certain investigator operated on a number of dogs and reversed a portion of their small intestine. With this abnormal gradient the dogs lived well and happy so long as their diet was liquid, but very soon after they got solid food they died and necropsy demonstrated intestinal obstruction. The reason is that solid food moves through the bowel due to a natural waving motion of the bowel walls directed away from the stomach. Liquid food can travel either way with equal facility. The reverse gradient in the dog's intestine acted as a brake to this movement of solid food, impeded its passage and the bowel was stopped.

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Very many people, usually those of the constipated-nervous-digestion type, have small intestines in which this onward movement has been reversed in one gradient or section. This section operates just like the artificial gradient the dogs had. Coarse, cellular foods therefore lead to flatulence and gastric and intestinal distress, while worse disasters lurk if the bowels happen to be unduly constricted. Yet these people too fill up on bran, whereas they need soft, easily and completely digestible diets.

When it is remembered that a person of normal size and taking light exercise would get sufficient roughage daily from one or two medium sized slices of whole wheat bread, the craze for indigestible food is as amusing as it is profitable to certain manufacturers. Yet today when a medical clinic is held in some small city the market is as rapidly depleted of spinach as it has been of liver ever since the finding that liver is valuable in the treatment of anæmia.

The varied diet the newer knowledge of nutrition is supposed to necessitate in hospitals, and the varied costly specialties faddistic practitioners and surgeons require, help noticeably to increase the cost of hospitalization. A basic low residue diet, highly digestible and more distinguished for softness than coarseness, would not only be cheaper, but would benefit the average patient far more than roughage. Such a diet, including lean meat, eggs, macaroni, sugars, rice, fruit juices, coffee or tea, would not be injurious either from the standpoint of vitamin deficiency during a few days or weeks in a hospital. It would be like balm to the post-operative or post-illness digestive tract in comparison with the coarse, indigestible, highly cellular rubbish a fad now compels patients to consume.

Facing vitamins directly and without flinching, what do we know? We know a great deal about the effects of vitamin deprivation upon experimental animals. We know many useful things about the dangers of vitamin deficiency in feeding certain domestic animals, just as we know that a cow must not be deprived of calcium if she is to give milk and remain in health. And we know quite a great deal about the necessity for vitamins and calcium in the diet of young and growing children.

Not even scientifically inbred experimental animals are mechanical in their reactions to vitamin deficiency. Whereas the biological test for the presence of vitamin D (which prevents rickets) is today regarded as almost a routine process, carefully inbred rats will vary fifty or seventy-five per cent. in their reaction to its lack. About twenty-five per cent. of such rats prove immune to rickets, no matter how you deprive them of vitamin D. Rats as a race are immune to scurvy. Cattle do not suffer from a lack of vitamin B while the cat family appears to have idiosyncrasies of its own.

I am reminded of a lady who carefully feeds her pet Persian roughage and vitamins by mixing the more sawdust-like breakfast foods with its salmon and liver. Here we have the fad in its extreme form. The cat is sick most of the time, probably because of the irritation roughage gives it. Carnivorous animals seem to be entirely different from rats and humans in their vitamin requirements. At least

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we know little about their needs, but I am willing to wager that roughage is rough on cats.

Human beings practically never can suffer from a lack of the reproductive vitamin E and it is a matter of extreme difficulty to deprive experimental animals of E and of F (the lack of which stunts growth in rats) sufficiently to cause sterility or stunting. Finally, a fact that stands out prominently is this — findings true of growing rats are surprisingly often applicable to growing children; but that does not mean that they necessarily apply to adult human beings.

A GENTLEMAN not long ago repined to me: "A while back my doctor had my nephew on orange juice; then he shifted to tomato juice; then it was cod liver oil. Just recently he prescribed bananas, and now it's liver. Can you tell me what on earth he thinks he is trying to do?" I solaced him by remarking that the child would soon have to accustom itself to a daily portion of blue vitriol, since copper was the latest mineral to function as a blood regenerator in anæmia — it was insoluble iron salts, you know, then soluble iron salts, then a complex organic somethingorother, then vitamin E (the reproductive), then not vitamin E but iron, and then, or now for the moment, minute quantities of copper.

But as the gentleman displayed distinct signs of throwing himself under a street car, I relented and remarked that the doctor was probably not very far wrong in any case. He said, "Thank God for that!" and he looked it. Orange juice is potent in vitamin C and prevents scurvy, tomato is in the same class, bananas ditto, and liver tends to prevent anæmia which will attack growing children whose principal article of diet is milk, merely because milk is horribly deficient in iron. The cod liver oil, like sunlight, protects against rickets and, unlike direct sunlight, promotes normal growth. All that is pretty definite and the gentleman heroically threw away a bottle of carbolic acid he had with him and decided to face life bravely once more.

There can be no doubt that in spite of vagaries and fads very many pediatricians and not a few general practitioners are rather wisely utilizing sound dietetic knowledge in the feeding of young children. On the other hand I know of a lady whose child has an abdomen which protrudes like those of the famine children we see pictured now and then, and for very much the same reason. It was stuffed too full of indigestible matter on too many occasions — in this case spinach at the doctor's order.

BUT when it comes to adults and their normal vitamin needs, we know little. Of course on radically deficient diets explorers, missionaries and others do develop scurvy, beri beri, and such deficiency diseases. But the importance of vitamins to young children and to experimental animals is not duplicated in adult humans. In fact, in a rich country like ours it is very unlikely that any considerable groups of adult humans are habitually on diets so deficient in vitamins as to be injurious. We can certainly be sure that a patient could remain on a vitamin low diet for two or three weeks in a hospital without serious trouble. The body is a more resistant and adjustable mechanism than diet faddists

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give it credit for being, and it has but recently been shown that a complete deprivation of protein for more than two months failed to undermine the subject's constitution.

While vitamin deficiencies are serious in the young, few physicians ever meet in ordinary practice conditions which they can definitely charge up to vitamin deficiency as causative. A physician at Hopkins remarks that in fifteen years' practice he has never seen a patient he could declare definitely diseased due to a vitamin lack, while a colleague has attended children ten years and has found but four cases of ophthalmia associated with a deficiency in vitamin A, yet the latter is supposed to develop very easily with such lack.

It is true, as the experts constantly remind us in hushed tones, that many adult humans may run close to the minimum in vitamins A and B and calcium, on the meat, potato, gravy, white bread, coffee, pie ration. Some obscure nervous and gastric disorders may result from this condition, yet it is very doubtful whether the total amount of indisposition caused by such deficiencies is one-tenth that produced by the flurried, worried and dyspeptic health alarmists — The Amalgamated Order of Halitosis of America. Pediatricians, live stock growers, explorers and the health authorities of overpopulated districts, need to know their vitamins and to apply their findings, but it is probable that some nepenthe on the subject would be advisable among the great group of middlebrows. They take much greater health risks every day. I am reminded of the flapper who would drink anything said to be alcoholic but who, at meal times, always reminded the others very self-righteously that she never drank coffee!

As a matter of fact the appetite of a healthy, normal person will almost inevitably lead him to nourish himself adequately, in a country like this where such diverse food products are so readily available. We cannot trust these appetites blindly, simply because they are perverted in youth. But much would be gained if our appetites were less trammeled in childhood; if we were not compelled to eat so many unpalatable things merely because they were "good for us"; if a complete, varied and adequate diet was set before us and we were freely permitted to plough our way through it as we desired.

Working on dogs at Yale, Dr. George R. Cowgill recently found that they will automatically regulate their own food intake on a caloric basis if permitted to do so. To show this he fed some dogs which had long been on a standard diet a ration of known caloric content. Then, after a time, and under precisely the same environmental conditions, he fed the same dogs a diet containing more calories. In every single case they voluntarily reduced their food intake in almost arithmetical proportion and simply refused to overload on calories which they did not need in their way of living. That looks very much like a basic, primitive instinct at work.

From his experiments and observations Dr. Cowgill reaches the conclusion that the baby, not the doctor, knows best about its diet. If its diet is adequate and complete, the baby may safely be permitted to use its appetite as a guide; this is far better than stuff-

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ing it at regular intervals with known quantities of food in accordance with some doctor's or book's instructions, which are intended to apply to an "average" baby which is as non-existent as the famous "economic man".

THE basic thing about all this diet business is, after all, our biological heritage. Over and over again nature triumphs over nurture. Discussing longevity in Washington some years ago, Dr. Charles Mayo reflected the wisdom of Oliver Wendell Holmes when he said that the greatest factor was the choice of long-lived parents in a healthy line. This same factor rules our reaction to diseases, to debilitations, to fatigue, to all environmental conditions and to what we eat.

An infection in the heel is fatal to one person whereas the same germs would not even make another person ill. Worry makes one man lose weight, yet plenty of fat people worry over their diet all the time and simply get fatter. The slightest dietetic indiscretion causes one person gastric distress; the grossest nutritional ignorance does not disturb the digestive equanimity of another the slightest bit. Food which is poison or infected with deadly germs never acts the same upon all who eat it.

I revert in thought to the kind gentleman who accompanied me to lunch and who figured so desperately on the caloric content of his meal. He worried about vitamins and calories and roughage, meal after meal; he did his utmost to eat exactly what he should —scientifically— and he was in chronic ill health. The chances are that if he could have forgotten all about diet, he might have recovered from stomach trouble. But he may, for all I know, be a type that would ail under any circumstances.

AS A WHOLE our digestive, assimilative and eliminative processes classify physiologically under the head of involuntary operations. Such operations, like breathing and the heartbeat, proceed far better when left to their own unconscious devices than when an effort is made to direct and to oversee them consciously. Taking forethought will not add a cubit to their effectiveness.

As to diet, a very little reflection will convince us that men as races and as individuals live suprisingly well upon the most varied foods. This should restrain us from being alarmists and should lead us to conclude that salvation cometh neither in raw foods, nor in vegetarianism, nor in fruits, vitamins, minerals nor calories — as fads. We cannot properly nourish ourselves by grabbing an ill-established theory here, a fact there and a suggestion elsewhere, and trying to piece these into a system and press them into service.

Instead, common sense and a little fundamental knowledge are our best endowments. But the avoidance of fads and crazes is paramount. We should pray for strength to resist the nefarious idea that a temporary and slight vitamin deficiency is of serious consequence and to stand firm against the self-righteous alarmist and extremist. Thereafter our body weight and our feelings are reputable guides. Deviations above and below our normal weight are natural suggestions demanding investigation. Digestive disturbances, headaches, feelings of heaviness, undue fatigue on moderate

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exertion, dullness of mind — these also are indications of maladjustment and bid us examine our nutrition and our environment critically to eliminate whatever is injurious to us. And what is injurious to or good for us is by no means the same thing as that which injures or prospers our neighbor. There heredity gets its innings.

We should remember in general, however, the following classifications: Carbohydrates are energy foods and are easily disposed of. Fats and carbohydrates are interchangeable, though fats are not so easily disposed of in the body and tend to be more expensive. Protein is absolutely essential to well being, is rather more difficult to dispose of than the first two grand divisions and it is both extravagant and ill-advised to eat it to excess, especially in hot weather. Meat, egg and milk proteins are utilized decidedly better than vegetable proteins and it is sensible and palatable to balance our diet with meat protein. Moderate amounts of lightly cooked green vegetables, of raw fruits and cooked vegetables and of dairy products should find a place on our tables. Of such variety, then, let each partake as his experience dictates.

Such rational self-experimentation would repeatedly assist people to make helpful adjustments in their way of living which visits to a physician may not alter. All due respect to them, physicians cannot know our organisms individually as well as we ourselves know them. They are hurried and they know the patient's reliance on a prescription. They are led to prescribe some combination of drugs whereas the patient, if he gave the matter a moment's thought, might easily discern that he was eating too much pork this summer or that he should not raid the icebox before going to bed.

That is not to say that either habit is pernicious *per se*. The point is that such habits which react injuriously upon each of us as individuals — one habit here, quite another there — account for most of the minor illnesses about which we bother busy doctors. In Plato's *Republic* we hear of people who expect some nostrum to mend their way of living; but, Plato continues, "They have a charming way of going on, and the charming thing is that they deem him their worst enemy who tells them the truth, which is simply that, unless they give up eating and drinking and lusting and sleeping, neither drug nor cautery nor spell nor amulet nor anything will be of any avail."

Plato was right. Such people still exist. Many of them are now diet faddists. Yet calm, judicial, sober common sense and a reasonably decent heredity will do more to ensure that they have life and have it more abundantly than any number of calorie crazes or vitamin drives.

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# Life in the Raw

By Catherine Beach Ely

*Miss Ely's "Hokum of the Intelligentzia," in a recent issue, aroused wide comment. Herewith she charges that it is chiefly women who support, with pocketbook and gossip, the current purveyors of "literary carrion"*

Life in the raw is what many women of today demand — on paper and on the boards. One of that type effervesced during a current successful play; she received its *mélange* of adultery and brutality with irrepressible delight. "It's *life in the raw!*" she chirruped ecstatically to her companion. Large numbers of eminently respectable women today enjoy and pay for theatre situations both raw and tainted.

Some of the devourers of rawness are small, roundfaced, and babyish in contours like the aforesaid enthusiast. Others are tall, fashionably lean and hungry-eyed, hungry for the drama's strong cheese-parings. Thespis, unbridled and riotous, allures many women. There sit the urbanites with a sophisticated assurance which seems to say, "We know what we want." There sit the transient tourists collecting naughty lines before returning to Dulgap. In the second balcony gather the wearers of bargain furs; in the orchestra seats bask the owners of costlier symbols of the cave. All these seek "life in the raw."

Feminine financial support is indispensable to the would-be raw authors, and to the little pseudo-critics who pour libations to the would-be Raws in the cozy-corner columns. Petty authors and petty critics, trying to color the vaporings of their pale brains with red ink for blood! And women are their dupes.

Well, life in the raw is what our pioneer ancestors wanted, at least it is what they got when they invaded hostile territory in the Covered Wagon. But it was raw life sliced otherwise, with a quite different flavor. In a modern New York apartment a hostess sketches for her guests a bit of typical family history:

"My grandmother left New York in 1833 for a settlement in Michigan, where life was simple, yet exciting. The men were needed for work in the field, so grandmother, then a young married woman, sprang into a wagon and started the team of horses toward Pontiac, the nearest source of supplies — a long journey over almost impassable roads. She left her three children

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at home to shift for themselves, one a baby of two years. On the third day, back came grandmother, the rattling wagon laden with provisions for the entire settlement, including a supply of dried apples, choicest of pioneer rations. After she had stewed the apples and sweetened them with maple syrup, she set the kettle under a tree to cool. Two Indians, loping by, sniffed pleasant odors, and proceeded to run off with the treasure. But they reckoned without grandmother. She pursued them so valiantly that they dropped the kettle of fruit and glided into the forest.

"One day while grandmother was in the field helping the men, Indians stole her sleeping baby from the cradle. But the theft was a prank rather than a serious kidnapping, for my grandparents and the Indians were on friendly terms. In a short time the redskins brought the baby back. The reinstated baby grew up to be my mother."

Such episodes as these spiced the lives of American women one hundred years ago. It was life in the raw — so much less comfortable than sinking into a padded theatre seat to luxuriate in the modern rawness which obliging playwrights provide for us.

THE theatrical business demonstrates that middle-aged women make *risqué* plays profitable, because they have the leisure, the money and the taste for daring situations on the stage. The box-office registers that off-color plays flourish financially on mid-week matinées, patronized mostly by older women. So the joke must be on our lofty-browed writers who serve literary carrion. Just think, these towering intellectuals are prodding their giant brains for the harmless unoccupied matron, bereft of home duties, seeking to fill her mental larder with raw life, and bursting with ardor to impart her impressions in eager *tête-à-tête!*

MODERN youth, some of it, is not averse to life in the raw — the "flapper" with carmine lips curved in precocious smiles patronizes it. The acid work of the *revoltés* appeals to the unripe, restless girl, alert to bite into the wormy fruit of the moderns. A woman, well-informed through long association with playwrights, producers, and writers of fiction, lives temporarily in a wealthy progressive city of the Far West. She makes some significant observations concerning feminine literary opinions in that typical community:

"A 'flapper' I know here surprised me by saying that she thought *Desire under the Elms* the most beautiful, the most enthralling play she had ever seen. Girls of her sort adore the emancipated literary Smart Alecks. I chanced to mention to another young girl out here that I had just read and enjoyed one of Booth Tarkington's novels. She bestowed upon me a pitying look, as if I had entered my second childhood.

Even grandmothers join the feminine parade of determined seekers of "raw" life. The woman who was snubbed by a modern girl for admiring sanitary fiction tells her impressions when escorted by a sprightly old lady friend to an evening at the play in New York:

"I was disgusted with the whole show. Two men behind us got up and walked out before the first act was half over, but this elderly friend of mine sat there entranced, fairly gloating

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over it, as did other women in our vicinity. In my opinion it is the nice, moral women who seem to enjoy most the filth on the stage. A New York producer told me his experiences with the feminine public. He was losing money on a clean drama with a great actress as its star, and therefore went to the matinée of a particularly salacious play, in order to observe a money-getting rival production. He was the only man there, so far as he could observe, although the house was packed from balcony to pit, and the women giggled and nudged each other and enjoyed it hugely. This man, who has gentlemanly instincts and Christian training, says he blushed to be there."

Apparently dowagers betwixt age and youth lead the procession of rank-play addicts. They seek the excitement which the drabness of their minds denies them by a pursuit of life in the raw at intellectually decadent or sensationally vulgar shows. The middle-aged besiegers of raw and ruthless stagecraft seldom miss a noisome play if full purse and willing feet can get them inside the door. "Hurry to buy a ticket!" implies the eager rush of women to the brutish drama; "the play leaves nothing unsaid — the District Attorney is investigating it — hurry, or it will be padlocked before you get there!"

As for fiction served raw, mature ladies consume one portion after another almost before it falls from the publisher's meat-chopper. "My dear, ask your librarian for *The Sooty Question* — there isn't a moral line in it; every character is bad in every conceivable way. All the husbands and wives are deceiving one another, and the young girls and young men are even worse. You *must* read it. Really, I don't know what we are coming to — novelists are getting more indiscreet every day! It keeps me busy running after all the shockers they write. Fortunately the librarian knows what I like." In this vein flows the chatter of nice little ladies of unimpeachable reputation who help to fill the pockets of our modern writers of raw stuff.

Far be it from me to impugn *in toto* the pursuits of adult femininity. On the contrary I would heartily express admiration for a multitude of modern women who have their hands and minds full of fine achievements in interesting occupations. As wives and mothers and as independent workers, they should know what to choose and what to reject. A good many women are excellent judges of worthwhile literature as a pastime or a serious pursuit, and they patronize clean plays.

But the army of mature women includes a host of desultory sisters possessed of leisure and plump pocket-books, ready to follow each vagrant caprice set in motion by the winds of literary sensation. These matrons of impeccable morals, but of errant curiosities, form the whispering brigade which spreads the fame of "raw" novels and plays. They carry reeking literary morsels from house to house on the tips of their busy tongues. They prolong best seller rumors in the streets and corridors of libraries, over the boudoir teacups, and in the restaurants and shopping places. Under this category belong also the tensely intellectual feminists, afraid lest some malodorous excrescence of modernity escape them, especially if it be the

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high and mighty production of a Guild.

It is a fad for "raw" life. Perhaps it will pass, like other fads. A large part of the success of modern fictionists and dramatists would be eliminated if these roving ladies of the busy tongue ceased to dabble in bleakly brutal novels and plays.

HAVE men then no influence upon the success or failure of modern plays and novels? Certainly some men do have great authority — they are the Supreme Court of literature; but they are busy professionals, rather than social promoters. Masculine amateurs of literary leisure are few, and they do not gossip over recent books and plays as habitually as women do. If they get a good running start, they like to indulge in literary conversation for a time. But they probably do not prattle much over unruly books. On the whole, men chat less than women, perhaps because they have not had the informal environment wherein to cultivate this art. It is the cozy chit-chat from neighbor to neighbor which makes the small or average seller into the best seller.

The raw life of earlier America had its defects, but it also had its splendor, its austere beauty. Perhaps if we wait awhile longer there will appear novels and plays written to give us worthwhile modern raw life instinct with the pristine force which characterizes the high moments of men and women.

Heaven forbid that this country should reach a super-refinement which fears life in the raw. It all depends on the kind of rawness. We do not have to go back to pioneer days for the right kind. The raw stuff of life may be as immediate, vital and inspiring in the Twentieth Century as it was in any former era, or it may be a carcass tainting the public literary mart.

WHAT is the attitude of play producers, book merchants and publishers toward *risqué* modern writing, and toward women's enjoyment of it? Possibly they hesitate to criticize openly the taste of a feminine public upon which they depend largely for a livelihood. Some of these men have the highest ideals as to literature, which they would invariably follow, were not the financial sacrifice too great. Others of them, less idealistic, willingly coöperate with the authors of dubious books which are widely advertised by the conversational propensities of women.

Nimble tongues and acquiescent business brains indeed help to retail revolting literature, but the author's pen is the primarily responsible source. Many of our conspicuous modern authors venture to write in a smutty, venomous, or sacrilegious vein. To promote their own publicity, they take advantage of the increased freedom of the woman of today, and of her eager desire to explore. The writers of rank stuff exploit the modern woman's legitimate hunger for the new into a morbid appetite for life in the raw. By poisoning the minds of women, venal authors menace the nation's future.

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# Affairs of the World

By Willis Fletcher Johnson

## *After Ten Years*

The tenth anniversary of the Armistice finds Western Europe still an armed camp. With the exception of Germany, practically every nation has increased its forces beyond the figures of just before the World War. Eleven countries have now 2,255,500 soldiers in 1928 against only 1,488,500 in 1913; an increase of 767,000, or more than fifty per cent. On the other hand there has been an enormous enforced reduction in Germany, and in the countries formerly comprised in Russia and Austria-Hungary there has also been a decline of armament; in all these, from 2,491,000 in 1913 to 1,214,000 in 1928. That is a decrease of 1,277,000, or more than fifty per cent. In Europe as a whole, then, there has been a decrease from 3,979,500 to 3,469,500, or 509,000 — a little more than ten per cent. But this entire net decrease is far more than accounted for by the compulsory reduction of the German army from 800,000 to 100,000. Certainly the existence of more than three and a half million men-at-arms in Europe, of whom practically one-half are in the Allied Powers, looks little like the general disarmament of which some dreamed ten years ago.

Nor is the spirit more irenic than the letter. France and Germany still see red whenever they look across the Rhineland. Italy has not forgotten nor forgiven the Tedesci. If Poland has not her back to the wall, it is because there is no wall; she has to stand in the open, guarding all quarters. Hungary erects memorials of her "lost Provinces" in a spirit more of revenge than of resignation. The Baltic States and those of the triple kingdom of the Southern Slavs are in unstable equilibrium. And Soviet Russia maintains its pose of *Anarchia contra Mundum*. It is a spectacle calculated to commend caution rather than to elicit exultation.

Amid all this, — let us say it without Chauvinism or highfaluting, — it is to be observed that of the three outstanding achievements of these ten years for the welfare of the nations, two are to be accredited to that Power which was said to have "broken the heart of the world" by declining to repudiate one of the first great principles of its existence by entering the League of Nations. The Pact of Locarno was a purely European performance, to which we gladly concede an inestimable measure of beneficence. But with equal truth we may claim as purely American achievements the Dawes Plan, which probably did more for the material rehabilitation and stabilization of Europe than all else

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put together, and the Kellogg Treaty, which has made a concrete enactment of that renunciation of war which hitherto has been at best merely a pious aspiration.

That, we may modestly and humbly regard as an abundant vindication of the rule first enunciated by Washington and afterward elaborated by Monroe into a national Doctrine, that in our relations with European Powers we should "administer to their wants without being engaged in their quarrels". To which I would add, with acknowledgments to Patrick Henry, if that be isolation, make the most of it!

## *Ask America*

IT WAS "Macedonia's madman" who at a single stroke got rid of the Gordian knot, but a touch of his forthright genius must surely have crossed the Adriatic to the Italian statesmanship of today. The son of Midas never devised a more perplexing problem than that which Costa Rica — at whose suggestion, pray? — presented to the League of Nations, in asking that body for an interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine. Only its ostensible naïveté and the undoubted benevolence of the Central American republic saved it from being ominously offensive. Time was when it would have been unpleasantly near a *casus belli*. Imagine America, a generation ago, asking the old Triple Alliance for an interpretation of the British policy of free trade! We can only speculate upon what the League would have done about it, had not Italy come promptly to the rescue, with wit as keen as Alexander's sword, and with the happy solution, "Ask America!" Of course, it would be sheer impertinence for any Power or league of Powers — unless in a purely academic fashion — to interpret a Doctrine that is as exclusively American as the Constitution of the United States itself. As for the weird reference to the Doctrine in the Covenant of the League, that is not an interpretation; it is a joke.

## *The Reparations Crux*

TEN years after the Armistice the Dawes Plan enters its fifth and supposedly crucial year. Thus far Germany has paid her yearly indemnities promptly and with apparent ease. But now there is an increase of forty-two per cent., to the enormous sum of two and a half billion marks, or about $600,000,000, which will henceforth be the required yearly payment. Can she meet it, without throwing upon her people an intolerable burden which will presently so impair her economic structure as to compel default and chaos? Some leading German bankers say it is impossible for her to do so, even for this one year, while on the other hand Mr. Gilbert, the American Agent-General for Reparations, who is doubtless no less informed and much more disinterested than they, is confident that it is quite possible.

We believe Mr. Gilbert to be right. The fact is that the Dawes Plan has made Germany able to fulfill its provisions. It has encouraged foreign capital to enter Germany in what Dr. Curtius, the Reich's Minister of Industry, has described as like "the Nile's fertilizing flood". Thus German wealth has been enormously increasing. Her national savings have year by year greatly exceeded the amounts she has paid in reparations, and her exports have been increasing since the war

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much more rapidly than they did before it. In these circumstances she will surely be able to meet the increased demands of this "crucial" year. How long she would be able to continue doing so is another matter, of great importance. It is anomalous that the total amount to be paid has not yet been fixed, so that no one can say whether Germany is to pay $600,000,000 a year for five years or for fifty years, or indeed for five hundred years. There is scarcely a greater need in the whole European congeries of needs than that of fixing definitively and promptly the sum total of the required reparations.

## *The Persistence of Parties*

A FORTNIGHT after these lines are read by the American public the Presidential election will occur, and will be followed with speculations upon the future of the two great political parties. If one of them should be overwhelmed by a "landslide", there would doubtless be, as there have been many times before, solemn obsequial orations pronounced above its supposed cadaver. But if anyone should be moved, either in sorrow or in vengeful exultation, to such a macabre performance, I would advise him first to consult a file of this excellent NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW of fifty years ago. There, in the issue for April, 1878, he will find an article of no less than thirty-one pages, dedicated to the proposition that the Republican party was already damned and was about to be dead—was, in fact, as the caption suggested, in its death struggle. The article was written by George Washington Julian, who for many years had been one of the foremost statesmen of Indiana and indeed of the nation, one of the founders of the Republican party, and more than once regarded as a possible President of the United States. And he closed his thirty-one pages with this resounding and cocksure climax:

> In any event, the party is doomed. It lies wallowing in the mire of its apostasy, the helpless victim of its leaders and the spectacle of the nation. Its race is run, and our task fitly ends with its death-struggle.

Fifty years ago. In that half century the party which should now be fifty years dead has fought twelve Presidential campaigns, has won eight of them, has lost three by egregious "flukes", and has been squarely beaten in only one. All of which reëmphasizes the wisdom of the precept, Don't prophesy unless you know!

## *World-Justice Hughes*

AMERICA is not an adherent of the World Court of the League of Nations, and gives little indication of any inclination ever to be one; at any rate, if that tribunal is to be, as is again suggested, the legal adviser of the League itself. Yet we must feel a profound sense of gratification at the extent to which the Court has looked to America for expert juristic aid. One American, Mr. Root, was concerned perhaps more than any other one man in framing the very constitution of the Court. A second, Mr. Moore, has been a conspicuous and influential member of its bench; and upon his retirement his place is now taken by a third, Mr. Hughes, by virtue of the expression of a desire quite extraordinary — but by no means unwarranted or undeserved — in its unanimity and earnestness. In view of such important American participation in that tribunal, it is pertinent

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and of curious interest to recall that this country was the first to move for the creation of a World Court of adjudication and not merely of arbitration. That was in 1907, at the Second Congress at The Hague. At the First Congress, in 1899, this country had taken the lead in establishing the Permanent Tribunal of Arbitration which is still pursuing so beneficent a career at The Hague, and had a little later been one of the first two Powers that submitted their differences to it for successful settlement. In 1907, however, it desired to go much further, by developing the Tribunal of Arbitration into a true Court of International Justice. In that it was unhappily balked by the opposition of Germany; and it is a picturesque turn of fate that Americans, if not America, should be so influentially associated with such a court which came into existence through the military downfall of Germany and her temporary deposition from a place in the councils of the nations.

### *Five Lustrums in the Air*

MUCH comment has been made upon the circumstance that the twenty-fifth anniversary of the first successful flight ever made on an air plane, by the Wrights at historic Kill Devil Hill, is to be marked with an international conference on civil aëronautics at Washington, attended by two hundred delegates from fifty countries. It will be an impressive and a most appropriate incident. But it would be an error to imagine that aviation, as an art and industry, has been developed with any unique or even remarkable rapidity. The desperate urgings of the World War of course applied high pressure to military aviation, and that naturally promoted the adoption of air flight in commercial and adventurous activities. An article presented elsewhere in this impression suggests the extent to which aviation is becoming a general commonplace of travel and traffic. Nevertheless it is to be doubted whether transportation through the air has made in its first quarter of a century any more progress or has come into any more general use than did that on the water with steamboats or on land with railroads a hundred years ago. Indeed it has probably lagged somewhat behind them, because of the vastly greater difficulties with which it has had to contend. That it has "come to stay", however, as surely and as securely as they, and that it is destined to come into comparably general use, can no longer for a moment be doubted. Carlyle's epigram must be rewritten. The whole world will possess the empire of the air as well as of the land and sea.

### *Unmexicanizing Mexico*

THE renunciation of a second term by President Calles may well mark a new era in Mexican history. For it is something more than a personal act. It is in effect a declaration of national policy, of the most auspicious character. With all the emphasis of which the strongest man — if not the one strong man — in the republic is capable, he pronounces the end of military dictatorships and of perennial Presidencies and the advent of actual republicanism. Of his entire sincerity we are inclined to have no doubt. His ability to impose and to enforce the new policy upon the nation is less assured, though it inspires at least an abounding hope. Not the least ground

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for optimism is the fact that there is visible no other leader of formidable type. There is no Santa Anna, no Benito Juarez, no Porfirio Diaz. It may be regretted that there is an absence of the really good and great qualities which those men undoubtedly possessed, but we may feel still more grateful for the absence of the power for arbitrary despotism which they also possessed and unsparingly exercised. "Mexicanization" has for most of a century been a term of reproach in politics. To set the land of its origin free from that opprobrium would be perhaps the finest achievement since the days of Miguel Hidalgo.

## *The Mystery of Life*

THE salient feature of this year's meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science was the consideration that was given to the origin, nature and purpose of life, unquestionably — from the purely scientific point of view — the greatest problem, solved or unsolved, of the universe. But, if I may so express it, the salient feature of that feature was the radical divergence of opinion concerning it. Thus on one day one of the most distinguished physiologists in the world declared that the mystery of life would always remain a mystery, "to tease, to stimulate or to humiliate mankind". And on the very next day it was announced with equal positiveness that another physiologist of equal authority was on the eve of a discovery of astounding importance, and that science was beginning "dimly to understand the difference between life and death and therefore the very meaning of life itself". Amid such clashing counsels, mere laymen may perhaps be pardoned for declining wholly to abandon the ancient belief in life as the emanation of a universal and eternal Creator.

## *"Mpret? M-praps!"*

THE caption of *Punch's* cartoon, portraying the hapless plight of William of Wied as the would-be sovereign of Albania, comes to mind at the accession of Zogu, though with much less accent on the "perhaps". Indeed there seems no good reason for not expecting him to retain his throne and crown and sceptre, if they have such accessory symbols of rulership in Tirana, for many years to come. There may be those who dislike the notion of another Mohammedan State in Europe, for the first time in centuries; yet since the people are Mohammedans — of sorts — why should they not have a Mohammedan king? It would have been an amazing anomaly to call him Scanderbeg III, and it is probably well that that fantastic scheme has been abandoned. As for the reaction implied in turning from a republic back to a kingdom, it has been done many times before, since Darius prevailed over Otanes. And it is a reasonable expectation that under Zogu as Mpret the Albanians will enjoy no less democracy than under Zogu as President. In any event, we must be strong for the sacred right of self-determination, for the oldest people in Europe as well as for the youngest.

## *Farm Prices and Others*

AMID all the discussion of ways and means for improving the condition of agriculture, of which there is undoubtedly much need, one very pertinent and significant circumstance

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seems to be overlooked. That is, that prices of farm products were not alone and singular in suffering marked decline during the deflation process of 1921, but were at least partially accompanied in that movement by industrial prices; and that since then farm prices have enjoyed a much greater recovery than the others. From the peak year of 1913 to the nadir of 1921, farm prices declined about 44.5 per cent., while industrial prices declined 26.5 per cent. Undoubtedly the farmers were the greater sufferers. But on the other hand, from 1921 to 1928 farm prices have risen 25 per cent., and are still rising, while industrial prices instead of rising have fallen nine per cent., and are still falling. These facts may not disprove the need of relief for the farmers, but they certainly do disprove the notion that there is discrimination against the farmers and that they are the only sufferers from the economic vicissitudes of the times.

## *"Internationalizing" the Canal*

An example of the light and jaunty manner in which philanthropic theorists would dispose of matters of grave importance was provided at the Williamstown Institute of Politics, in the proposal that as a gesture of amity to our Latin American neighbors, the United States should "internationalize" the Panama Canal. That would of course be a flat reversal of long established American policy, first enunciated by President Grant in the pages of The North American Review, when he wrote: "I commend an American canal, on American soil, to the American people," and repeated by President Hayes when he wrote in a message to the Senate: "The policy of this country is a canal under American control." That alone might be a sufficient obstacle to "internationalization". But there is something more, and more serious. We have a treaty with Great Britain, made twenty-eight years ago, in which it is expressly stipulated that America shall forever have the exclusive right of regulating and managing the canal, and shall be charged with the duty of maintaining and protecting it for the free navigation of the world. Is that treaty to be abrogated? And on what grounds that would be acceptable to Great Britain? Also, we have a treaty with the Republic of Panama, made twenty-five years ago, under which the exclusive and perpetual control of the canal is vested in America, and this country is obligated in perpetuity to pay to Panama a royalty of $250,000 a year. Is that treaty to be scrapped, and that royalty to be repudiated and defaulted? Or is America — quaint suggestion! — to continue to pay the royalty on account of a canal over which it has no control and in which it has no more interest than Abyssinia or the Principality of Liechtenstein? A gesture is sometimes a showy and impressive thing. But one needs, in making it, to make sure that he does not knock his knuckles against a stone wall.

## *Honorable Snitchers*

The request of the students at Yale for the abandonment of the honor system in examinations is not nearly so remarkable as the feature of that system which provoked it. It was a fine thing to permit the students to conduct their own examinations, without the supervision or presence of a member of the faculty, simply on their

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pledge to act honestly and to receive no outside aid. But when it came to the additional pledge virtually to act as spies and to report to the faculty any of their fellows seen receiving aid, that was, in the words of A. Ward, "2 mutch". There is no honor in snitching.

### *More "Great Victorians"*

I SHALL always regret that I did not begin, years ago, an enumeration of all those who, living or dead, were acclaimed as — each of them — "the last of the Great Victorians". There would surely be more than a dozen, probably a score or more, on the roll. And here are two more, Lord Haldane and Sir George Trevelyan, both certainly Victorians and certainly great scholars. Nor are we yet at the end of the list. Two of the greatest of the Victorian statesmen still survive, in the honored persons of Lord Balfour and Lord Rosebery, while in the realm of letters there is one of the most typically Victorian of all Victorians, Rudyard Kipling, whose greatness in the esteem of his contemporaries is attested by the fact that in Great Britain alone about three million copies of his works have been sold. The Victorian reign ended more than a quarter of a century ago, but there are still with us more than one or two of those who contributed to its greatness and who by their achievements in it won the indubitable distinction of greatness for themselves.

### *The Columbian Pharos*

IT IS a graceful act for the Cuban Government to contribute a substantial sum toward the cost of constructing the gigantic Columbus Memorial Lighthouse on the island of Santo Domingo, and also to authorize a popular subscription for the same purpose. We cannot of course regard this as an abandonment of Cuba's claim of the honor of giving sepulture to the bones of the Admiral, or a recognition of the like claim of Santo Domingo. That is a dispute which probably never will be settled to the satisfaction of both parties. But it is a recognition of the propriety of erecting a memorial of Columbus, and of placing it on that island which was more than any other identified with his activities in the Western Hemisphere.

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# A Million Dollars for Football!

By Samuel Grafton

*Is the game worth the gate? With its thirty million fans, its specially privileged players, its exaggerated publicity, has the commercialized gridiron become an academic problem—or a national blessing?*

I

"But isn't it really an admirable spectacle?" I asked my friend who knows it all. "Just think! Eighty thousand men and women come together to see twenty-two young men battle for the honor—"

My friend who knows it all turned around so that his cigar almost punctured my right cheek. There was a leer on his face, a knowing leer, an authoritative and informed leer; altogether the least prepossessing leer I have ever seen.

"Honor!" I could see that he wanted to swear, but there were women near, and he took it out in giggling at my credulence. "Honor? Do you see Lefty Smith down there, our right end? He's playing the game for tuition and a thousand a year. Next to him is George R. Croshanker. Two of this joint's most prominent alumni are helping him to become an accountant, and all because they think he'll make a good one, of course. Right behind Croshanker is Larbereg, our fastest back. He mows ten square feet of lawn once a month in front of the training house and gets twenty-five smackers every Monday morning."

The day had changed for me. No longer were there twenty-two stalwart young men down there, battling for the honor of whatever it was they were battling for. No longer did clean-cut athletes kick and plunge and race around the ends, carrying with them the sacred pigskin and the immortal glory of their fifteen thousand school fellows. No longer was that vigorous fullback propelled into the heart of the line by the sense of duty to a cause. Instead I saw a two thousand dollar back chase a one thousand dollar back off the lot, and I saw the protégé of one millionaire do his best to butt the protégé of another millionaire in the slats. I saw the result of a "prep" school intrigue seize the ball from the very grasp of another result of a "prep" school intrigue, and I saw the product of three bribes and a scholarship run down an honest coal miner and the father of a family. The steady stream of sophistication from my right filled the bowl and the day and obscured my view of the field, until,

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at last, I imagined that down there were nothing but twin sets of dollar marks; dollar marks making touchdowns, and dollar marks sending forward passes, dollar marks racing around a field and being mussed up by other dollar marks also intent on racing around the same field. It rather spoiled the game for me.

II

How much is there back of it all? Are the twenty-two stalwart young men really stalwart young men, or are they twenty-two dollar marks? Or is it possible that they are partly dollar marks and partly stalwart young men? What have we to go by? Is the game being overemphasized? Are the colleges selling their birthrights for a mess of touchdowns? And if, *Deo volente*, we are able to show that the game is being overemphasized, does that fact have any bearing on the place football has come to occupy in the national scene?

So many questions would seem to imply so many answers, but in football answers are scarce and questions are many. Undergraduates of large Eastern universities have assured me, on the honor of college men, that their friends on the teams are paid actual money, cash down, to stay in college and play football. The athletic managers of these same institutions have assured me, on their honor as athletic managers, that such is not the case, never has been the case, and never will be the case. The athletes themselves play ball and say nothing. My own experience as an undergraduate leads me to doubt the athletic managers. All of the common stories, from the legends of professors who are threatened with the loss of their jobs if they do not pass the unfortunate who can throw passes better than he can throw Latin, to the hoary tale of the poor little quarterback who met a millionaire, are probably true. The evidence for believing far transcends the evidence for doubting. In fact, so common is the story of the quarterback and his millionaire, that it is being rationalized. I spoke to the graduate manager of athletics of a university among the first five in the country in size. Point blank I asked him to tell me what he thought of the athletic scholarship. I received this gem:

"Listen," he said. "Suppose a man has a keen scientific brain. He wants to go to college and become a great doctor. His 'prep' school work shows he has a lot of talent. Well, suppose a millionaire comes along and pays his way through college. Will anybody object to that? Of course not. They think it's a wonderful thing.

"Well, suppose another boy, going through 'prep' school with this same boy, hasn't got a scientific mind but can play football. A rich man pays his way through college. Should this poor boy be deprived of an education just because he can play football? The medico can tutor, and nobody thinks anything of it. Why can't the other boy get some advantage out of his talent?"

It's a good argument, but he wasn't the first to use it. It reared its head a year ago or more from the lucubrations of more than one sport expert. Morgan Wallace developed it in an interview with Tad Jones. And its quick acceptance gives full proof of three-quarters of the stories of commercialism among football players,

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and adds a strong flavor of probability to the other fourth. We may accept it, then, as fairly well established, that college football has acquired some of the difficulties and some of the remedies of the other branches of big business. We may accept it as settled that there is a certain amount of professionalism, not affecting all of the colleges, and not leaving many entirely unaffected. We may accept it as settled that there is keen rivalry for "prep" school talent, and we may regard it, from current and common newspaper reports, as undoubtedly true that the old grad, if he is a rich old grad, considers it his duty to keep an eye on his Alma Mater's team; that his influence is great in the choice of a coach, and in the choice of a second coach to succeed the first coach, and we may accept it, lastly and generally, as true that the sport is emphasized as no other sport is emphasized. And now — what of it?

## III

BEFORE we start upon the quest of a true definition of the moot word overemphasis, it might be well to take a little time out and observe the spectacle of football being overemphasized. Perch yourself upon a crag high in the air and look down upon the imposing bowl. It contains eighty thousand seats, many of which are already filled. There are three roads leading to the bowl, and each one of these is congested to its utmost limit. Approximately fifteen thousand automobiles are parked near the tremendous structure, and there seem to be as many more looking for space in which to park. On foot, in automobiles, in trolley-cars, in collegiate flivvers, in every vehicle of conveyance save the hospital stretcher, the mob is descending upon the arena. High above the second tier of seats is the press box, and that gentleman who seems to be inspecting his cravat in a pie plate is really giving a description of the amazing scene to ten millions of eager listeners. The eighty thousand seats which the bowl holds have all been sold, and the lowest price for a single seat has been five dollars. Those shifty-eyed young men circulating about the entrances are offering certain of these five-dollar seats to late comers for as low as twenty-five, and the late comers are digging down deep and buying. Deducting the number of complimentary tickets, the number of student tickets, the number of visitors' tickets, all of which bring in comparatively little or nothing, the gate is well over the two hundred thousand dollar mark. The vendors of badges and pennants, the ice cream and hot dog concessionaires, and the newsboys and programme disposers, will take in, before the game is over, not less than fifty cents for every person present. Counting transportation and hotel expenses, the game probably represents a total cash turnover in one direction or another of half a million dollars.

AND this is only one of two hundred and eight games being played today throughout the country. Of course many of these will take in less. A few will take in more. But the fact is none the less evident that two hundred and eight cheering crowds are devastating the atmosphere of two hundred and eight otherwise peaceful towns, and that the alumni of four hundred and sixteen institutions of higher learning are suffering the tortures of those who expect to be damned in the immediate

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future. Is the game being emphasized? Ask the twenty-one hundred official and approved referees, umpires, field judges and linesmen. Is football occupying an important place in our national scene? Ask the five hundred and fifty colleges which maintain teams year after year. Does football receive too much attention? Ask the dozen or more colleges which took in total gates of a million or so last year.

Reprehensible! Absolutely reprehensible! To think that out of ten thousand students at Dear Old U of X, some fifty men have the exclusive chance to play a million dollar game! A million dollars for football! A million dollars for football!

Wait a minute. There's something yet to be told.

## IV

THE same gentleman who quoted the ingenious argument in defense of the athletic scholarship I have detailed above, spoke to me of this million dollar gate. Admitting that not one cent was diverted into the general fund of the university, he threw statistics at me in the measured manner of one who has been through the process before.

It seems that there are sixteen major sports at the university. Of these two pay for themselves. One is football. The other is basketball. The crew costs sixty thousand a year. No one ever thinks that rowing is overemphasized, and the reason no one ever thinks so is that there is no gate. He who will may come and see, and the more the merrier. Fencing, tennis, boxing, track, soccer, hockey, swimming, rifle, are also in the list of those sports which will never be overemphasized. In their gruelling and perilous autumn grind the fifty young gentlemen of the gridiron earn the funds to support lavish athletics in which many of the other ninety-nine hundred and fifty students may share.

BUT how about the national game? Doesn't baseball, at least, pay for itself?

Baseball hasn't paid for itself in years. The national game is supported, as far as the colleges are concerned, by the overemphasized one. One of the biggest inter-section games of the country last year, between the largest university of one Eastern State and the same of another, drew a total gate of seven and a half dollars, or a mad mob of fifteen at fifty cents a head. Season tickets for baseball are thrown in with season tickets for football; there is no possibility of selling them on their own. And yet the baseball squad is almost as big as the football squad, and the same number of young men are privileged to enjoy athletics under ideal conditions; all because one of the games is overemphasized.

The real point of the situation is that football isn't emphasized enough. It should receive more popular recognition as the sport which makes possible the perfect development of more than a dozen others, as the sport which spreads the names of our halls of learning, and which leads, ultimately and inevitably, to the creation of bigger and better halls for bigger and better learning. "Commercialized" football should be recognized as the most fortunate thing that ever happened to our universities. Through football, college sport earns its own way. It is the only phase of college life that is independently

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established on a sound economic basis.

Sure, some of the colleges, directly or indirectly, pay their players. No coach will deny this of his opponents. Certainly, the athletes get away with things in the classroom. Of course they get more publicity than the professorial staff. And it is undeniable that the coach receives five times the salary of the expert in Spanish drama. He earns it.

Football is being overemphasized. Football is receiving too much notice. Football gives a thousand dollars a year to a certain collegiate chess team in my ken.

## V

That might be called the inside story of football. There's another story which must go with it, the story which might be called the outside story of football. Professional worriers — mostly faculty members or publicists who break into print each fall — worry about the effect of overemphasis on the colleges themselves. I have shown that the effect — from the actual cash support of unprofitable sports, to the enticement of wealthy students and hence the enticement of future donations for endowment — is a good one. And now, what of the effect on the unsanctified multitude, the crowd which has never been in college, or has been in college so long ago that it doesn't matter? What of the effect, in short, on those who permit the overemphasis by paying for the tickets?

It is hard to consider an effect as a two edged thing. In most problems of cause and effect, there is a causing body and an affected one. Football is different. There are two bodies, and it affects them both. It affects the outer body far more strongly than the inner. True, fifty million dollars a year, more or less — three of the graduate managers I spoke to consider it more — pass from the outer body to the inner body, but I insist that the giver receives more than the receiver.

In the first place the comparative outsider, cramming the bowl in thousands, receives a new and a fervent loyalty, and in this day of the thuggish debunker a fervent loyalty is a precious thing. He gets what is perhaps the first opportunity he has had to yell since his undergraduate days. Ask the modern psychologist what a blessing to the repressed Old Adam in us is this emotional release! We feel the old lump in the throat when our team comes through, and even more unmanageable impediment to swallowing which arises when our team fails to come through. We feel new and vague compulsions toward doing our duty by our Alma Mater, and if we have never had an Alma Mater, we feel definite and sincere regrets. We become conscious of a new and brilliant color in the world.

And the word color is the most important word in this discussion. Football today is far more colorful than any other sport exhibition in the entire history of the world of arenas and colosseums. It is more colorful than other sport contests because it is a contest in which loyalty of spectator has reached a greater height than in any other. It is more colorful than the contests of the ancient world because the players and the spectators are of the same class, and it is more colorful also because the class is not an ephemeral one, but a long-established one, with a tradition of victory or courage

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to maintain. It is a colorful game because it is a real game, a game in which half of the stands are battling with those in the other half as definitely as half the men on the field are fighting the rest.

And in that, I think, lies one of the reasons for the frequent cry of overemphasis. We are afraid of color and display, and we mistrust such things. We have reared a monster institution out of a simple game, and the institution is so monstrous that we are afraid it will topple over on us. We cannot force ourselves to believe that anything so suddenly become important can be really reasonable and good. We are incorrigibly fearful of any vicarious vent for our cave man impulses. Instead of regarding football, as we should, as a gloriously recurring pageant of strength and skill and loyalty, we look upon it as a blight, a brilliant one, perhaps, but, none the less, a blight. Instead of seeing in football an authentic folk expression as real and definite as the jousts of the Middle Ages or the games of the Greeks, we look upon it as an enormous fungoid growth. Of course it is true that the football team gets more public notice than the entire academic department of the university. But the academic department is the real fungoid growth; Teutonic philology and the quest of the elusive atom are for the gifted few, but sport and fight and yelling and loyalty and excitement are the common property of everyone, all the time.

Overemphasized football should be emphasized still more, for its therapeutic value to a nation burdened with dull gray repressions. All else is beside the point. It is true that there is a seasonal rise in the sale of radio equipment in the fall, and an especially sharp one before the important Thanksgiving Day contests. It is true that the Saturday night circulation of the journals goes up. It is indisputable that the royal game stimulates the hot dog industry beneficially. But we cannot be concerned with its economic effects upon radio manufacturing or the newsprint and pork packing industries. Nor need we be concerned about any minor detrimental effects it may have upon scholarship. We are concerned with the two hundred and eight howling crowds which storm the arenas each Saturday afternoon in October and November, and the important thing with respect to them is simply that it makes them yell.

These Teutonic philologists, intent on their search for folk literature and folk art, are stupid people. Do they not see that in a thousand years the game of football, long dead, will have acquired the same connotations as the Greek games of the ancients, and that the college boy in leather will be the heroic equal of the knightly youth in steel? Can they not see folk legend and folk interest when it is acting itself out before their eyes? Can they not see the rows of books which will be written on the game, and the scholarly discussions which will rage on the difference between a plunge through center and a run around right end? Can they not see the Ph.D. theses which will be written around the influence of the heavy tackle on the sporting vocabulary?

And there's an idea of what the givers are receiving. They are receiving something real and something very much alive, something which has

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in it far more significance to the day than have all the ravings of all the academic futilists on the other side of the fence. And yet there are those who would like to stop them from receiving this, all because Jones, sophomore, receives a full column when he catches a cold, while his professor has to fall off a dock to get three lines on the last page.

THOSE who would coin the word "overemphasis" must of necessity be shrewd. Some of them have been brought to admit that the game has color, and some have even granted the fact that it is a tremendous and worthy spectacle. But they say — and this is important as the last gasp of a dying objection — the game is played for the spectators. The poor young men who don the uniforms are sacrificed to make a Babbitt holiday. They kill themselves, not so much for the honor of dear old Whatsitsname as for the pleasure of the observer.

In this connection, two quotations. The first is from Tad Jones, professional coach, and a man to whom the crowd must mean something, however little. He says:

> Any coach who encourages or permits violations of the rules is gambling with the character of his boys. Football needs to be let alone. The players like it — and they didn't use to when I played the game.

That sounds more like the attitude of a fond father than of a brutal taskmaster. The other quotation is from the annual report of the American Intercollegiate Football Committee.

> Many requests have been made that the goal posts be put back (to the goal line). The argument is advanced that it is more difficult for the spectators to tell whether the play which is near the goal line has resulted in a touchdown. The answer is clear. If the inconvenienced spectator can restrain his curiosity for about three to five seconds longer he will be advised in no uncertain terms as to whether the ball is "over" or not. Furthermore, the Rules Committee has always acted on the principle that this game was a game primarily for the boys who play it, and only incidentally for those who watch it. When the permanent safety of the boys must give way to the momentary convenience of the spectators, our ideas as to the true purposes of academic sport will have to come up for drastic and annihilating revision.

OUR ideas as to the true purposes of academic sport will have to come up for drastic revision. Our ideas —

So it seems that there are ideas back of it all. I think the ideas are the finishing touch. We have the colleges, with their multitudes of athletic teams all supported by football. We have the crowd, gaining much good from the game. We have the players, enjoying the game and liking it more each year. As we even seem to have ideas as to the true purposes of academic sport.

Will the gentleman who mentioned overemphasis awhile ago stand up and explain himself?

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# The One Great Issue

By Struthers Burt

*To those who have seen no vital difference between the two parties this year, a famous writer retorts that mankind's most ancient battle lines are forming sharply again behind the political smoke screens*

The time to begin to watch for real issues is the time when everyone is complaining that there are no issues at all. The time to scrutinize the political horizon for the forming of a new party is when everyone is agreed that between parties there can no longer be any vital differences. The time to prepare for peaceful revolution, social or political, is when everybody is so well provided for that some of those well provided for are also provided with the opportunity to think.

It is curious, in the face of history, how little this genesis of political or social change is understood. In this country, particularly, a vast number of people, many of them otherwise judicially minded, are possessed with the idea that contentment is material and discontent equally so. That is to say, they are convinced that if you give a man plenty to eat, good clothes and a car to ride about in, you have made of him for all time a good little citizen, entirely willing to forego all thought. You have done, of course, just the opposite. What you have done is to afford an increasing number of these citizens a margin of safety above the mere struggle for existence which permits them, for the first time, to indulge in the very thing you most dread.

A frontier country, a country fiercely caught up in material expansion, has little time for anything but the day as it is lived. It is when this expansion is more or less achieved, when man, if he so wanted, could lie back in the shade and take his ease, that he becomes spiritually restless and begins to foster that most dangerous thing, the imagination.

No great change—reform or revolution, peaceable or otherwise—has ever been formulated or set in motion by those actually oppressed or those whose income is so small that they must worry as to where the next dollar is coming from. For one thing, such classes have not the time; for another, they have not the power. Political and social changes are conceived and launched by the materially released who, shortly, are joined by the more courageous and more released among the working classes and, in a smaller

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way, the farming classes. The great middle classes must needs live in fear of their jobs and of the men over them. In any nation there are only three classes who can afford to be spiritually independent — the rich, the man who owns his own land, and the workingman, especially the mechanic, who carries his job on his back. These classes can afford to think for themselves. Among them all real change is effected. What happens to the altruistic and imaginative rich in case of an actual revolution is another matter.

But it was Fairfax and Henry Vane and their friends who made possible Cromwell, himself a landed gentleman; the Encyclopædists and Mirabeau who started the French Revolution; Lenin, the aristocrat, and Trotsky, the intellectual, and the Russian aristocrats, the Russian; Washington, Franklin, Adams, the released and wealthy colonists, the American; the intellectual German and the richer German, the revolution which unseated the Hohenzollerns. And, to turn to more peaceful revolution, it was Erasmus, the troubadours, the Medici, the merchant princes of Italy, and a section of the French nobility, who made possible the Renaissance; and such men as Luther the monk, Knox and Calvin the scholars, and numerous princes of Northern Europe who made possible the Reformation.

Of all theories the material theory of history, accepted *in toto*, is the most fallacious and dangerous. At its best it is only a partial explanation.

THIS, then, is the old alliance: the alliance between the man who, materially, is released to the point where bread alone will not satisfy him, and the man who, through force of character and courage, has risen from the point where bread alone seemed all important to the point where its proper valuation is recognized. When you see this alliance, you can rest assured that change is in the air. The common enemy of these men is the timorous man of the middle class and his hireling, the bureaucrat; the selfish man of the upper class, and *his* hireling, the bureaucrat.

Now, exactly this alliance is beginning to be dimly visible today on the American horizon, and hour by hour the visibility is increasing. Just how long it will take to make the situation clear to numerous liberal thinking voters, still unaware of the alliance, still confused as to its import, is another question. At present there are millions of Americans in favor of such an alliance who for some time to come will continue to support unwittingly their own worst enemies. But this always happens in periods of political change. For a long while the great issue is hidden.

WHAT is the issue, and how do we recognize it?

Politically and socially there is never but one issue, and there never has been but one throughout all history. The issue is whether a man shall own his own soul or not. The quarrel is as old as humanity and has again and again been fought to a finish. In every final Armageddon those in favor of individual ownership of the soul, those in favor of freedom and personal responsibility, have won, but they have won only to leave to their descendants the same quarrel in another form. The reason for this is that man is born into a dilemma. On the

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one side he finds chaos, and must to some extent regulate it if he is to live: on the other, he discovers that too much regulation ends always in oppression and spiritual death.

Chaos is the triumph of the individual over the State; tyranny is the triumph of the State over the individual. The ascendance of either one, too long continued, means the ruin of any civilization. The one hope for the world is to teach men to walk upright along a middle course, and, until they learn so to do, to guide them just as wisely but just as little as is possible. The most utter pessimist is the man so impatient of this slow process, this often seemingly hopeless process, that he wishes to make all men wise and good by statute. Moreover, unconsciously, this same man is an atheist. He denies all wisdom beyond his own. No thoughtful man can conceive of a God, or rational plan, which would deny individual responsibility to each individual. Even the most fanatical religionist, if he is logical, must realize that any sensible God would prefer, as additions to His heavenly hosts, a few imperfect men made more perfect by their own efforts rather than a legion of spiritual robots. Law was invented to help men to live with their neighbors; it was never meant to help men to live with themselves. A man can learn the latter only through experience, observation, native intelligence, education; perhaps, here and there, a little tactful advice. Most men are willing to be governed, but few men are willing to be imposed upon. There is a point in every man's soul where he says, "Here government ends and here I begin."

As you see, therefore, the imperative inner command which bids man bring some sort of order out of disorder will, in the end, unless handled with wisdom, produce in its turn a new kind of disorder, the disorder of over-government. The French monarchy was the result of the efforts of Louis XI to crush the disorder of his feudal barons; before that, the feudal system had been the answer of the more powerful and wise to the anarchy of the Dark Ages. Had it not been for the Church after the fall of the Roman Empire, gentleness, learning, civilization of any kind would have disappeared from the world; and yet this Church produced in the end the Inquisition, this system the turbulence of the mediæval noble, this monarchy — or if you wish, centralized government — the gross injustices and ineptitudes of the later Bourbons.

Trouble arises also from the fact that the seizure of power and the use of power are two entirely different things and require two different sets of faculties. The ability to acquire power is fairly common, the ability to use power is one of the rarest gifts known to mankind. If all power were also wisdom there would be no quarrel.

Looked at carelessly, the process would seem a useless one. It is like the taming of the frontier. Man finds a wilderness and, so that he may be comfortable in it, proceeds to destroy it. But pretty soon a new sort of wilderness develops; a wilderness, of tin cans, hideous shacks, disorderly fences and neighborhood quarrels. Many years are needed, much education, much destruction of what has been carelessly built, much replanting, before any sort of real order and beauty can be established and man

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and nature can really learn to live together.

But this process is not quite so useless or circular as it appears to be. There is, through experience, a constant elimination of particular causes, although not the elimination of the main quarrel itself. It is possible, therefore, to predict a time when, all possible particular causes having been eliminated, there will be no further fuel left, and the main quarrel will disappear entirely from the world, just as yellow fever is now disappearing. It is possible, that is, to predict a time when a man's right to his own soul will not even be considered as a possible basis for argument, let alone legislation. But this time has not yet come. One by one, all the old attempted usurpations of power have gone down never again to trouble humanity, but here and there they appear in subtler, and so, perhaps, more dangerous forms.

SLAVERY, the owning of a man's body, is no longer, save, as I say, in more subtle forms, a question to be fought over. Neither is Church and State, save, as in America, in a much more subtle form. Egyptian priesthoods, Greek tyrants, Roman patricians, feudal barons, unrestricted kings, all have gone down and are not likely to raise their heads again. The modern man faces an entirely new sort of tyrant, an entirely new method of destroying his spirit, the only surface similarity being, as in every former instance, that all obvious arguments, at least to begin with, seem to be in favor of the tyrant.

To begin with they usually are. There is no one, as we know, who can quote Scripture quite so handily for his own purposes as the devil. He is quoting a lot of Scripture just at present in these United States. Many well-meaning people are being deceived. Many people who hate the devil are about to vote for him without being aware of the fact. Many of those voted for, if elected, are going to administer in the interests of the devil without being in the least aware of the fact.

IF YOU asked the average citizen today if either his body or soul were in jeopardy he would laugh at you. If you asked him if there were any danger of the old question of Church and State again arising he would laugh still more heartily. He had best save his laughter. Church and State are here already and the enemies of individual ownership of the soul, beaten in one quarter, invariably attack in another.

Priesthoods,—except in disguise,—kings, aristocracies — except in the form of plutocracies — need no longer bother the citizen of any great democracy in their cruder manifestation; his problem is to tame to his use the machines he has invented and to absorb the increase in population due to his altruism and warfare upon famine and disease; and his further problem, while effecting this submission and absorption, his greatest problem, is to prevent these other problems from being used as excuses to destroy his liberty by the same old forces of suppression. Hygiene, social comity, charity, the keeping of one's brother, commercial progress, the handling of machines, all these, twisted to his own purposes, are being used by the devil as his arguments. Rightly used, there is no argument against them; wrongly used, there is every argument. What

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does it boot a man to gain everything if he lose his soul?

We are living in a complicated and crowded age. It is necessary to alter old laws to suit these changing conditions, and make new laws. Machinery has produced a totally new set of laws and conditions. So has the increase in population. To enforce these new laws, old enforcement bureaus have had to be amplified and new enforcement bureaus instituted. Naturally. No one denies that. But what all wise men watch with fear is the increase of law beyond the capacity of mankind to absorb it, and the intrusion of law into fields where law cannot step without damage to itself and destruction to the individual.

It is indeed true that the government of a great country must be run by certain delegated men. But it is not true that this government has the right to function secretly, arbitrarily, or for the benefit of certain privileged groups. It is true that a church has every right to persuade anyone within its reach to observe any canon that church sees fit, however absurd; but it is a fatal and false doctrine to entertain for a moment the belief that a church has the right to induce or enforce social laws. It is becoming evident that the next great battle in this age-old quarrel between sane individualism and suppression will be fought on American soil. The causes of the battle have been with us for a long while; the forces of suppression have, for various reasons, been able to recruit and discipline their armies here more than in other countries, and this ancient and far more important quarrel has not been cut across and delayed by actual war. Europe has lost its leadership in this respect; the European, and he is not to blame, is too preoccupied with restoring the material ruins of four years of destruction. Paradoxically enough, he has gone back more or less to a frontier state of mind. Just at present, security seems to him infinitely more important than the ownership of himself. Italy is a case in point. Were no other proof available, sufficient proof lies in the fact that America today is the only country indulging in universal self-criticism. Even forthright England has for the time being decided, like the citizen of a small town, to praise itself and censure only its competitors. The old slogan, "boost, don't knock," so popular in America ten years ago, has crossed the Atlantic, if not literally, at least figuratively. For the moment, bread does seem to the average European utterly important. For the moment, the possession of an automobile seems to the majority the final spiritual attainment. To the contrary, the American has had an automobile for a long time. There are signs that he is becoming used to one.

The very apparent hopelessness of the present political outlook in America is the most hopeful sign there is. The apparent lack of real social or political issues is a sure indication that now, at last, we have attained sufficient leisure and perspective to throw overboard the old material issues and make room for some that have a spiritual import. The apathy, up to the present, of the average voter, since the time of Wilson, is merely indicative of the fact that you can no longer fool him into being interested in a Civil War philosophy. But watch him now. Regard the curious ground-swell that

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is moving the country and is likely to reach a crest this November. We are on the eve of one of the most interesting Presidential elections that have ever been held. No one can predict the result; no one can possibly calculate the immense changing over of votes that will take place; the reasons that will cause one man to vote one way, another in an opposite fashion. But one thing is certain, whichever way the election goes — whichever way it may actually have gone while this article is still current — the air to some extent will have been cleared, the main issue and the subsidiary issues will have become more defined, the battle lines will be more sharply drawn, and the battle itself will have just begun.

Up to the present there have been a few skirmishes, in which, as usual, the armies of reaction and suppression, always the first on the field, always the first to be disciplined, have won. Even a possible victory for the armies of reaction and suppression in the present election makes no great difference, anyhow. Four years from now, eight years from now, the armies of suppression and reaction are bound to lose. They have never yet won in this age-old quarrel. Time is always against them. At least, from this campaign, two actual parties will have begun to emerge, whatever they choose to call themselves — the party which believes that a man owns his own soul, and the party which believes that the average soul should be governed by a group of pleasant, capable, wealthy men who, for various reasons, have to listen, whether they want to or not, every now and then to a group of by no means pleasant fanatics. The pleasant men assume the financial responsibility of government; the fanatics the spiritual and social. Both govern secretly, and between the two the average soul is saved whether it desires that particular kind of salvation or not.

You think this picture overdrawn? All pictures seem overdrawn until the years actually paint them. The curious thing about any present moment is that it never seems momentous. Perhaps this picture seems especially overdrawn because, as I have said, the issue is not yet sufficiently clear cut. Not enough people have as yet isolated it or analyzed it, either to themselves or publicly. The first step toward definition will have been the present campaign. Thousands of voters who are voting one way this November will find themselves in the opposite party within the next four years. In a democracy the defining of issues is a slow process, made all the more slow by the desire of the ordinary politician to evade definition, but here is an issue — this issue of a man's soul — too large to evade. Despite the politicians' most strenuous endeavors, this issue is coming again to the surface. Not since the Civil War has the ownership of a man's soul by himself been the subject for so much debate. It is amusing to hear people say that there exists no real issue between the two parties!

But even if the issue is not yet clearly defined, a symbol of the issue is fairly obvious and is becoming more so every day. Remember this: most men do not think in issues; it is necessary for them to think by means of symbols. Frequently these symbols seem relatively unimportant, even actually trivial, unless the furthest

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implications of these issues are borne in mind. And invariably these symbols emerge before the issue itself is completely defined. Furthermore, drunk with power, those inclined to abuse power always, without fail, furnish a symbol which in the end defeats them. For practical purposes it is not necessary that the issue be defined. Time will do that. The symbol is enough.

Christ was more important than the Cross, but it was the Cross which defeated His enemies. How a man should worship was more important than the Inquisition, but it was the Inquisition which defeated the Church. Slavery was more important than the slave, but it was the slave who abolished slavery. Church and State is a more important question than Fundamentalism, but it is Fundamentalism which is defeating the more evangelical Protestant sects. Wine is no more important than meat, — it is a food, it is a pleasure, and there are plenty of healthy teetotalers and vegetarians, — but wine as a symbol of the historic quarrel between the freedman and the spiritual autocrat is a thing worth fighting for. And do not worry, it will be fought for. Every day more and more people are realizing, if only vaguely, that the question is a far more vital and fundamental one than merely whether a man shall be allowed to drink a glass of wine.

NOTHING is more sardonically amusing to the man who has the slightest interest in history than the amazement of the spiritual autocrat at the constant liveliness and growing strength of what he has repeatedly announced is a corpse. Does the autocrat think he is talking about anything as simple as alcohol? Does he think that the real strength of the opposition is composed of selfish men, intent upon their palates? What he is really talking about is every battle that has ever been fought between liberalism and tyranny. He is talking about Roman autocracy, feudal serfdom, the Inquisition, slavery, every ghost of cruelty and arrogance the memory of which has been handed down through countless generations. One can only feel sorry for these childish creatures, and wonder how they can think other people as simple as themselves or unaware of the significant fact that those who are in favor of one form of suppression are, for the most part, in favor of another; that Prohibition, Fundamentalism, censorship, high-handed political corruption, secrecy of government, all these things go hand in hand.

THE symbol is clear — and the present bearer of the symbol is clear. All the growing forces of discontent in this country are beginning to focus about a single figure; an odd, in many ways, home-spun figure. Why? The answer is obvious. Because here at last is an utterly honest and courageous man. And you will notice one curious fact; the first to go over to him, the first to adhere to him, were the men and women of two distinct classes — the spiritual aristocrats and the simple men and women; although that, after all, is saying the same thing twice. The simple man and woman and the spiritual aristocrat fundamentally think alike. Fundamentally they know that there are only three things in the world that count; honesty, courage and the pos-

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session of your own soul. They do not expect any candidate to be perfect, they do not even expect to agree with him in every respect; they may even, in some respects, look forward to disagreeing with him; but they know that to get anywhere you must first demand courage, honesty, and a belief in the private ownership of the spirit. After that you can talk about other things. One thing at a time.

It is illogical and ignorant, for example, to talk about the danger of one church, when, already, another church is in full political control. Put the latter church where it belongs, and then, if necessary, deal with the former. But you won't have to — you are talking about an old and wise church, far too experienced in past political affairs to cause you any trouble in the future. Besides — and here again is the point — you are talking about an honest and fearless man; a man far too honest and fearless for any church to put its hands on him. That is the only question.

You want a man who believes in the general ownership of the government and the private ownership of the spirit. Well, you have him.

And so the old alliance is forming? By no means altogether definitely as yet, perhaps not yet for immediate victory. But for final victory? Surely. As I have said, there are millions of Americans who have not yet realized the issue, and still further millions who, because of self-interest, because of tradition, because of this, that, or the other, find themselves in a quandary. They will vote against what they know uneasily is right. I, for one, pity any simple and direct man and woman, or any spiritual aristocrat, who does so. There is one incidental point I have never yet seen mentioned. How can any spiritual aristocrat — and this, of course, is not a class term, a social term, but has to do with a man's attitude — how, may I ask, save through lack of thought or self-interest, can any spiritual aristocrat vote for Prohibition? The essence of spiritual aristocracy is the belief that a man's soul is his own.

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# India's Trembling Tyrants

By Ignatius Phayre

*The phantasmagoria of splendor and squalor in the seven hundred Native States of Hindustan menaced by the rising tide of Democracy*

This is a "colorful" theme: the unwelcome creep of change in age-old polities, the clash of Oriental feudalism with democratic demands now stirring in the last strongholds of Asiatic autocracy, where princely families of the Rajput and Mahratta clans have ruled like Biblical Kings for thousands of years.

More or less clearly we all know what winds are blowing among India's three hundred and nineteen millions of mixed races, creeds and castes. Yet how many of us realize the complexity of a vast socio-political problem which is not national at all, but international, and still perplexes even the British genius for compromise? Lord Morley had no patience with people who would apply "general ideas" to this enormous tangle of Asiatic races. Said that great student-statesman: "It is hard for Rationalism and Mysticism to be friends, and their interplay is no easy game!"

Well-meaning folks are apt to view India as a "country" and not as a sub-continent. Here that great Orientalist, Sir George Grierson, after a lifetime's effort, has at last surveyed 179 languages and no less than 544 dialects — even with the States of Hyderabad and Mysore omitted and the Provinces of Madras and Burma. Yet we hear of Home Rule for India as a simple affair, like Home Rule for Ireland, Khatmandu and Comorin.

But my theme is not British India at all; it is the seven hundred mediæval "nations" which are isled in its hugeness. Aloof and self-centred, these States are in no way concerned with glib reformers and agitators. They care nothing for "dyarchy" and *Swaraj*, and all the paraphernalia of *hartals* and boycotts of a new and clamorous Asiatic democracy beyond their boundaries. And yet uneasiness prevails among the Ruling Families, from that of His Exalted Highness, the Nizam of Hyderabad, down to poor little Sandur whose entire "national" revenue is only $30,000.

For many years these Hereditary Sovereigns met in conclave from time to time at the invitation of the Great Lord Sahib (the Viceroy), who is the shadow of the august *Chakravarti*, or King-Emperor in London. And as popular aims and claims grew louder in the India outside, as Commissions

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came and went, leaving drastic reforms in their wake, the Ruling Families formed themselves into a sort of regal Trade Union: this is the Council of Princes which now debates the ancient rights and privileges of its members at Delhi.

THEIR anxiety was lately voiced at a gorgeous *tamasha* in Kapurthala. Here His Highness, Sir Jagatjit Bahadur, celebrated his golden jubilee on the *gadi* or peacock throne of a nation some 630 square miles in extent with a population equal to the city of Bradford. Rising at a sort of Baghdad feast in cloth of gold, with great diamonds blazing in his turban, this Sikh sovereign said: "The most difficult question of the day is the position of us Ruling Princes, and how the future of our States is to be adjusted in relation to the Government of India after constitutional reforms have been developed a little farther."

We who were present at that banquet rubbed our eyes. It was like Haroun al-Raschid worrying over the "flapper" vote and new Parish Councils! Here were we in a fairy palace of the Punjab between the great rivers Sutlej and Beas. Out there in glowing tropic gardens a ghostly city of tents was pitched for Oriental nobles. Through the bazaars stalked the mighty elephants of Milton, "indorsed with towers," as well as camel cavalry and fierce-whiskered men-at-arms in shining chain mail. Free kitchens were in generous blast, doling out savory *kabob* and sticky sweets. And under the *pipal* trees by the tank, royal largesse was freely put into every dusky hand of the ploughing *ryot*.

Is there any survival so picturesque as that of these seven hundred feudal lords; any problem of our day more fascinating than that of the new relation of these age-old States to the British *Raj* beyond their alabaster towers and harem-courts, in the prosaic era of "petrol-policies" and universal franchise? They are like islands in a stormy sea whose chieftains are in danger of destruction. For murmurs arise among the "voiceless ones". A new Press dares to criticize the Ruling Families; democratic infection blows in from "outside", where the Gandhis and Lajpet Rais lift the impious claims of India's masses. What concern of the Native Sovereigns or of their subjects is such vulgarity as this? Here is the crux and crisis.

THESE picturesque polities are not exempt from new currents of thought. So even they must needs adjust the rule of Joshua and King David to this year of grace — as the young Nawab of Bhopal plainly told the Chamber of Princes. His mother, the famous Begum, conferred a Constitution on her State six years ago, and then stepped off the throne in favor of her son, who was educated in that special School of Native Royalty which the political sagacity of Britain established long ago. The young Nawab has often supported his mother and Lady Irwin, the Vicereine, on platforms of the All-India Women's Conference on Educational Reform. He was interested also in the School for "free and freedom-loving girls and women" at Shantiniketan, which is directed by the Bengali poet-philosopher, Sir Rabindranath Tagore.

As a member of that Royal Trade Union in Delhi, this enlightened Prince supported a resolution affirming the urgent need for all the anxious

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Seven Hundred "to maintain good systems of government for the welfare of their States and peoples". This Nawab, the ruler of a nation rather smaller than New Jersey and with the population of Baltimore, is one of the three delegates which the Council of Princes sent to London to lay their considered "case" before Sir Harcourt Butler's Committee of Enquiry into the Indian States. The other two were the Jam Sahib of Navanagar and the Maharajah of Patiala. Their position was eloquently summed by Bhopal himself to his new petty Parliament: "I am deeply impressed with the need for marching with the times. . . . From criticism directed at the States, nobody can ignore the fact that ugly clouds are gathering, and that a storm may burst. So unless the Rulers construct solid embankments of internal content, prosperity and goodwill, they run the risk of being wiped out of existence!"

The people, His youthful Highness declared, must have "moral and intellectual improvement". Their material progress, too, can be assured by "the development of natural resources and communications". Most important of all, "the absolute power of the Ruler should not be used in arbitrary and capricious ways". And lastly, "There must be a proper apportionment of revenue between the Sovereign's privy purse and the State Administration."

PIQUANT point is lent to the Nawab's words by the "doings" in Alwar, a little nation in Rajputana whose Prince has quite other ideas of his own. A man of forty-six, this Maharajah thought to celebrate his silver jubilee by adding yet another wife to an expensive harem "behind the veil". His choice was a girl of sixteen, an houri of high Rajput clan in a neighboring State.

Now the Alwarites dreaded this wedding, for which new taxes were to be imposed. And we all know what these "Arabian Nights" nuptials can run into, with that strange Indo-American match in mind when Miss Nancy Miller, as "Devi Sharmishtha", became the pagan Hindu bride of Sir Tukoji Rao, ex-Maharajah of Indore; a lavish affair of elephants and jewels and rose-garlands, with the Senior Maharanee eyeing the new white rival whom her roaming consort first met in the Casino at Geneva.

HIS Highness of Alwar had also gone abroad, and had been bitten with Western ideals. In Florence he had stayed in a grand old *palazzo*, such as Dante and Machiavelli must have known. That mansion must now be copied in his own State as the home of his new wife, who might not care for the architecture of a Taj Mahal! But a grand palace had only just been built in Alwar, and furnished with the usual medley of superb Indian works of art and garish European stuff. What did it matter? Let the whole edifice be pulled down, and the Italian fabric be put up in place of it.

"But," protested the native taxpayers, "this palace, Your Highness, has already cost six million rupees!" Alwar was very angry indeed. He was angrier still when the daring executive body of the new Indian States Subjects' Conference got out figures relating to his own lavish household. Out of a total State revenue of £337,500, Alwar Naresh took £202,500 for himself. On the devil-engines of Ford

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Sahib and his like, the Ruler spent £37,550, with another £27,503 added for garages, chauffeurs and upkeep. His Highness's Lucullan kitchen ate up £11,250, and the entertainment of guests ran into a further £52,500. The entire sum set apart in the National Budget for the Forest Department vanished in joyous tiger-shoots and *tamashas* of hospitality to foreign guests. And as a sort of afterthought, a mere crumb of £7,000 fell from the autocrat's table for "Education in the State"!

Alwar Naresh sent out drastic proclamations to deal with the meetings of protest. There must be no "discussion of any subject likely to disturb the Peace of the Realm, nor any exhibition of placards, banners or printed matter relating thereto". Yet his critics were not silenced.

It is not, of course, for outsiders to judge between these Asiatic rulers and their native subjects; but certain it is that the *Sircar*, or Paramount Power, keeps a paternal eye upon the whole seven hundred of them, for they represent not less than 80,000,000 of India's peoples.

The iron hand in a velvet glove varies greatly in its grasp of control. These Sovereigns may not wage war or make peace, or send Ambassadors to each other, or abroad. Their barbaric Armies are limited; they may employ no European without special sanction. Some of them pay a fixed annual tribute, and the *Chakravarti*, or King-Emperor, can and does intervene in case of misgovernment. Within these limits the more important Rulers remain absolute dictators in their own Native States. And in area these range from Hyderabad, which is as big as Great Britain and has 13,000,000 subjects, to "nations" made up of a few villages only.

Unique among them all is Nepal, whose Maharajah — Tribhubana Bir Bikram — alone bears the title of His Majesty. This is a military oligarchy; but all power was forced by the nobles into the hands of a Prime Minister in 1867, much as the "divine" Mikado of Japan was represented in the old days by a Shogun, who handled mundane affairs by the sea in Yeddo. No outsider may enter this remote State at all without special permission. A British envoy resides at Khatmandhu, with an escort of Indian Sepoys; but he does not interfere in the warrior Government of this singular monarchy. And for martial services rendered, the Maharajah of Nepal receives from British India an annual "present" of ten lakhs of rupees. This mysterious closed State remains the finest preserve of big game in all Asia.

These rulers, as we all know, have a passion for jewels, like the famous "Koh-i-Nur", which Queen Mary now wears on great occasions. It was a Gaekwar of Baroda who paid £90,000 for the Brazilian diamond of 254 carats known as the "Star of the South", picked up by a negress in 1853. The present Prince has a carpet, four feet square, sewn solidly with huge diamonds, rubies, emeralds and pearls. This magpie passion extends to the humblest *ryot*, or small farmer, who buries his gold, or loads it upon his women in the shape of anklets, nose-rings and other ornaments.

Residents and Political Agents represent the British *Raj* at these lavish Courts, where intrigues of love and

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hate and ambition form romances that any writer of fiction might envy. All these Princes have Aladdin-like ideas of life. The present Maharajah of Benares, although over 70, is still a mighty *shikari* of tigers; and he can afford to lend an English bride a fairy marriage-coach of pure white ivory and silver, which cost many thousands of pounds.

So in the new "democratic" day we see long-silent native subjects questioning the acts of their Sovereigns. "Why," it is asked, "does the Gaekwar register his racing colors with the English Jockey Club, and bid huge sums for yearlings at the Newmarket sales?" Fifty years ago this opulent Mahratta Prince dwelt in a mud hut and tended cattle like the humblest *ryot*. Now he is lord of two million souls in a land bigger than Massachusetts, and a royal salute is fired at his coming and going.

Even more interesting than the lavish Nizams and Gaekwars are the lesser Princes, such as Mayurbhani and Jawhar. Their superstitions are wonderful, their belief in necromancy, astrology, spells, curses and talismans. Purna Chandra Bhanja Deo, Maharajah of Mayurbhani in Orissa, was fully convinced that the "Evil Eye" had been laid upon him and his. What is certain is that this feudal Sovereign, who had braved tigers and rhinos in the jungle, has just died of tetanus from a cut on the cheek from a safety razor! This young ruler was only twenty-eight. His father, too, perished mysteriously at the age of forty-one from a spent bullet in a round-up of leopards in his own State.

As for the Rajah of Jawhar, this is a true Shepherd King of Genesis surviving into our own day. Vikramshah Patangshah became the "father" of a poor illiterate people of the backward Koli class. Ascending a humble throne in 1917, this Prince opened schools with free meals for the students. He gave his subjects the long-coveted rights over the trees of their *malki* lands: he even lent money from his slender purse to encourage business projects. Prince Vikramshah heard petitions in person under the village *pipal* tree; his own style of living was of the simplest, and his "palace" in striking contrast with that of Udaipore, which lifts its jasper turrets and shining filigrees from the centre of a sacred lake covered with lotus-buds and guarded by sacred crocodiles.

But one and all are represented in the Chamber of Princes in Delhi—the only Royal Parliament in the world; or more accurately, a Trade Union of Monarchs, both great and small. In the present crisis, they have prepared their "case" with meticulous care and cost.

What I have ventured to call their Trade Union seeks a new adjustment of its members' relations with the Paramount Power. Nor will they be satisfied with any makeshift answer or compromise. In the last analysis, the Council of Indian Princes will appeal direct to the British Parliament and people. For they are determined to safeguard the rights and privileges which for thousands of years have belonged to the Ruling Families and to purely Oriental States which have no more in common with *Swaraj* and the agitation of "white" India than they have with the further face of the moon.

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# "Fail, Fail Again!"

By George S. Brooks

*A true story, save in names, of one of the methods by which American business suffers losses of half a billion dollars a year in "bankruptcies"*

"Poor Mike Conroy's gone. Gone cuckoo," announced the bartender of the Full House Club, a discreet speak-easy on Fulton Street in downtown New York.

"You don't tell me," protested the solitary customer on the drinking side of the service bar. This customer, as it happened, was a detective captain from Headquarters.

"I do tell you," repeated the bartender, with Irish warmth. "Gone cuckoo, poor fellow."

"Is he locked up?" asked the patron, solicitously. "In th' funny house?"

"Naw." The bartender wrung out his bar cloth and laid it on the drying rack. "It'd be better for him if he was. Mike's went west, to Syracuse, and bought him a shoe store."

"I don't believe it. Not him. Him with th' best private detective business in New York."

"But I'm tellin' you. He is in th' shoe business in Syracuse. Me cousin," here the bartender dropped his booming voice to a confidential whisper, "you mind me name cousin, Tim Cronin, him that was a patrolman over to Old Slip Station before he went bootleggin' for himself?" The bartender paused until the customer nodded his recollection. "Well, Tim seen poor Mike right in Mike's store, in Syracuse. On Salina Street, it was. He talked to Mike and Mike's name was over th' door, too."

The elderly detective captain shook his head, sadly. "I wouldn't a believed it. No sir. And in his time, Mike was a Grade A detective; and he could of been Inspector, if he hadn't quit th' department to start his own agency. Well, well! Poor fella! It's tough to see 'em took that way."

Such was the origin of the story that flew about police circles in New York. For Michael Conroy was a capable man, a popular man, and almost celebrated for his success as a private detective. For fifteen years he had specialized on cases that involved business fraud and had built slowly and surely a reputation for unswerving honesty, shrewd manipulation and a discreet tongue. Numbered among his clients had been great corporations and wealthy men. All this he left behind, when he purchased a little shoe store in an up state city.

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Life insurance companies have proved that the "dangerous age" in most men's financial careers comes in the years between fifty and sixty. In that decade, salaried men are prone to seek a business venture, with some vague idea of providing for their old age. Michael Conroy, weary after his years of police pay and case fees, had gone over into the one business of which he knew nothing.

THERE is no particular reason for chronicling the vagaries of the retail shoe trade, on Salina Street in Syracuse. But Michael Conroy found that the former owner evidently had reasons for selling which were much more fundamental than an academic desire to "retire and go west to live".

The store was on the wrong corner; the store had a bad reputation; the large stock was out of date and style; the good will of the business for which Michael had paid $4,500 did not ring up a dollar on the cash register, and Michael's two clerks found time to organize a baseball pool in the neighborhood.

As weeks went on, Conroy's good-humored Irish face took on perplexed lines, which the clerks noticed.

"He's comin' out of his trance," said one clerk to the other. "He won't find it so easy to unload as it was to buy it."

They both laughed.

In the latter part of August, Michael Conroy came to his store one morning and told the clerks that he was leaving for a short trip.

"Got to get away for a day or two," said the store owner. "Trade's so slack, now. It'll be a good time to go. Look after things, kind-of. And if you should need me, I'll be in Atlantic City. Hotel Atlantic. I'll be back Monday."

Conroy did not look like himself, as any of his old friends would have said. There was a certain seedy tone to his clothes; perhaps because they were not pressed. His shoes were not shined, as of yore. His speech was less direct, and even his opinions of the weather, in the club car on the train, were prefaced with a modest, "It seems to me".

The clerk at the hotel gave Conroy one glance. "Nothing cheaper'n $4.50 European."

"With bath?" asked Conroy, modestly.

The clerk shook his head in a superior manner. "Single, with bath's $7.00."

"I'll take the four dollar room."

"I said $4.50."

"Well," Conroy hesitated, "I'll take it."

The bell boy who led him up to the room and threw open the single window that overlooked the hotel kitchen and garage, scornfully pocketed a ten cent tip. In the days of his prosperity, Conroy had invariably given quarters.

MICHAEL CONROY spent an aimless afternoon along the board walk. He watched the sand sculptors on the beach, the net haul on one of the piers, and gazed in the shop windows. Then he went back to his hotel and waited around the news stand, until the afternoon New York papers arrived.

A florid, flashily dressed man of fifty approached the news stand. "All of 'em," he ordered, in a lordly manner to the girl.

"Hello, there, Mister Schultz. All the New Yorks and Phillys, too?"

Conroy looked up from his paper.

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"You needn't buy a *Sun*, friend," he said, politely. "I'm done with this one."

THE news stand girl's lip curled. Schultz grinned at her and then accepted the paper Conroy proffered.

"Thanks," he said. "Any of mine you'd like to see?"

"Sometimes I read *The Post*."

They sat down near each other in the lobby. Schultz noted that Conroy turned to the market page.

"Interested in stocks?"

"Well," Conroy hesitated, his forefinger marking a quotation in the column, "when business was better, I used to buy and sell a little. I made money at it, too," added Conroy, proudly.

"What business you in?" asked Schultz, negligently.

The girl at the news stand, who could overhear, sniffed. "Him buy stocks," she muttered. "Th' cheap piker."

"Shoe business, in Syracuse."

Into Schultz's eyes came a gleam of interest. "I've been in the shoe business myself. How's business now, up your way?"

"Terrible. Terrible."

"Say. Let's take dinner."

"Dinner?" Conroy inquired. "Well, I dun'no. I had kind of thought I might go back, t'morrow mornin'. Back to Syracuse."

"I mean dinner tonight."

"Oh! Sure. I always say supper." Conroy smiled at his own error. "Well, I don't care. If you're ready to eat."

Schultz threw down his papers unread. "Come on." He started for the hotel dining room.

"You ain't goin' to eat in there, are you?" Conroy plucked at the other's sleeve.

"Why not?"

"It's terrible expensive. I kind of thought I'd slip out to Childs's or somewhere."

"Come on. I'll buy it."

"I'd rather stand my share."

Schultz shrugged. "Have it your own way. Childs's it is." They walked out of the lobby together.

At ten o'clock that night, their friendship had progressed so far that Schultz was sitting on the bed in Conroy's tiny room.

"That's th' way it's done, Conroy," said Schultz. "There's nothin' easier or safer. You can't lose. It'll let you out handsome, with somethin' in your pocket. And . . ." Schultz threw back his head and laughed. "There ain't nothin' to prevent you from goin' somewhere else and doin' it all over again. As many times as you like. That's how I made my dough in the shoe business."

"But if they should catch you," objected Conroy.

"Did they ever catch me?"

"No . . . ."

"LISTEN. Tell you what I'll do. I'll let you have my sucker list. It shows every firm that gives me credit and how much. It's a good list. I've made my two hundred thousand out of it."

"You'll let me. . . ." Conroy hesitated.

"I'll sell it to you. For three thousand dollars. And give you my personal guarantee you'll get your money back, inside of six months. How's that?"

Conroy considered, waiting a full minute before he answered. Then:

"Why should I pay you three thousand for that list, Mr. Schultz?" he inquired, mildly. "I can go to your

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receiver in bankruptcy and get the list for nothing." He paused again. "And have the names and amounts sworn to, in the bargain."

Schultz flushed angrily, then caught himself, threw back his head and laughed. "You'll do, Conroy. You'll do. And I thought you was dumb. Listen. Suppose I run up to Syracuse with you and look your store over. If things is promising, well . . . we might go into business together."

Conroy nodded. "I'll pay your fare one way, if you'll come."

Schultz laughed again. "Listen, Conroy. If we make a deal, you won't have to be worrying over railroad fares. Not us."

Conroy's clerks were electrified by the changes which followed Schultz's visit to Syracuse. Conroy's store was transformed. The dead, grimy appearance of the place, the listless attitude of the proprietor, disappeared overnight. Old stock was put out on bargain tables at such fractional values that it melted away. The show windows and the shelves were filled with new and modish shoes.

"Th' boss must of raised some capital in Atlantic City," the clerks agreed. "Well, that money'll go just like his other did. He's been selling old stock for about a half what he paid for it."

BY EARLY October, the shop was modern in every particular. Seven thousand dollars cash had been spent for new goods. Then, one evening, Conroy strolled into the Western Union office and dispatched this cryptic message to Schultz at a Philadelphia address.

"Fanny is now ready." It was unsigned.

The next morning, a Philadelphia hosiery manufacturer was asked, by a customer, about the credit standing of one Michael Conroy of Salina Street, Syracuse.

"He wants to buy some fixtures from me," explained the customer.

THE hosiery credit man looked up Conroy's standing and found only that Conroy had always paid cash for merchandise purchased there. "I'll ask the Braddock agency," said the hosiery man.

Twenty-four hours later, as soon as the Conroy store was open for business, a presentable young man strolled in and asked for Mr. Conroy.

"I'm Michael Conroy. What'd you want?"

"Mr. Conroy, I'm a credit reporter."

"I don't want to bother with you. Get out." Conroy's manner was exceedingly gruff.

"Now, Mr. Conroy. You're enlarging your business here and you'll find it convenient to have a rating with us."

"I don't want credit, see?" Michael Conroy could be and was very emphatic. "This is a cash store. I get cash and I pay cash and take my discounts. I haven't had any credit and I don't want any credit. Now, besides, I'm busy. Good day."

Such an attitude bespoke business rectitude. The reporter was interested. "Mind telling me what your stock's worth?"

Conroy waved his hand toward the well filled shelves. "Say twelve thousand there and three thousand more on the road and all paid for. Put that down on your paper and get out. I'm too busy. . . ."

"Well, Mr. Conroy. Have you any other assets?"

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"Assets? What's them?"

"Why, something you could raise money on, if there happened to be a dull time in the business."

"Sure." Conroy nodded. "I got some notes."

"How much?"

Conroy made a show of being reluctant to tell the names of the persons to whom he had loaned money, but in the end he allowed himself to be persuaded. He showed his visitor a sheaf of negotiable paper, which he had purchased at the bank against this very occasion.

"Now Mr. Conroy. How much cash have you?"

Again Conroy was insulted. He stormed, he raved, he swore at the reporter. But, at length, after another explanation of the meaning of "credit", he told the reporter that he had over $5,000 on deposit in the First National Bank.

And then Conroy played his trump card. He shook hands with the reporter.

"I got a short temper, son," he apologized. "I don't need to do business with you, but you're not a bad fellow. Tell me. What size stocking do you wear?"

"Eleven and one-half."

CONROY wrapped up a half-dozen pairs of his best silk hose and handed them to the caller. "Take these along and forget that I was so ugly when you come in."

The reporter thanked him, called on the agency's confidential man at the bank, and learned that Conroy had nearly $6,000 on deposit there.

That night, Conroy wired Schultz in Philadelphia. "Fanny arrived today." The credit had been established.

It was about this time that Conroy fired his clerks, employing in their places two young friends of Mr. Schultz, who had come on from Philadelphia. He also began to buy liberally on credit, since many jobbers were offering him handsome terms, wholly on the basis of the credit report.

In January, Schultz made a flying trip to Syracuse. He looked over the bulging shelves and store room.

"NOW's th' time to buy for the bust, Conroy." Schultz grinned at the prospect. "You got $30,000 worth of credit. If you can't buy $150,000 worth of goods with that, you're no good. My truck'll be here, in the alley back of the store, at midnight every Tuesday night."

Some twenty manufacturers, on the strength of Conroy's $30,000 rating, extended ninety day credits to him for spring and summer goods worth more than $125,000. Conroy and his two assistants worked late in the store every night. All day long they unpacked shipping cases, emptied the cardboard boxes, which were placed hollow on the shelves. The shoes and findings and hosiery that had been in them went out on the truck on Tuesday nights, consigned to Schultz's Philadelphia warehouse.

Schultz paid Conroy exactly fifty per cent. of the value of these stolen goods. He sold them discreetly to the trade at eighty per cent. of their value, making a net, safe profit for himself of thirty per cent.

Incidentally, as Schultz had boasted to Conroy, he bought some goods legitimately from each firm Conroy was defrauding. This was done so that in case exposure threatened, no one could swear the goods found in the

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Schultz warehouse had been stolen. Schultz could prove *bona fide* purchases of identical lots.

Conroy's first payments fell due on April 8. By March 20 his store had been so thoroughly looted that scarcely $2,500 worth of stock remained, and that was all in the windows, the show cases, or on the bargain tables. The shelves in store and stock room held only impressive but empty cardboard boxes.

ON APRIL 2 the Association of Retail Credit men was holding a meeting in the ballroom of a New York hotel. The chairman of the meeting hastened through the routine business, then rose to speak.

"Gentlemen: you will remember that, last year, an emergency fund was raised, to be used for fraud investigation at the discretion of our trustees. Let me introduce Mr. Michael Conroy of New York and Syracuse, who will tell you more about this money."

Michael Conroy, his eyes twinkling, stepped up to the platform.

"Some of you may remember me," he began. "I'm Mike Conroy and I've had a shoe store on Salina Street, in Syracuse. About twenty of you have been awful nice to me."

Various men in the audience grew very red faced.

"I've spent $18,000 of your money, and I've got $60,000 more of your money in my pocket, in cash, which isn't a bad profit for nine months' work. Especially when I didn't know anything about the business. My store's all ready to go into bankruptcy, and I don't believe it'll pay you more'n ten cents on the dollar.

"I did a mean thing this morning, gentlemen. I went down and arrested my partner, Mr. Schultz, on a charge of grand larceny and receiving stolen property. I shouldn't say a word against Mr. Schultz. He invited me to go into business with him, showed me how to get a credit rating of $30,000, how to buy a $125,000 stock with it, and then took the stock off my hands for $60,000 cash.

"In fact, gentlemen, Mr. Schultz has just about persuaded me to take the money you owe me for locking up Mr. Schultz, and to go into business with it. You gentlemen are so obliging about credits, I think I'll move to Troy or Albany and start a shoe store."

THERE were a number of snickers about the room; not, however, from the representatives of shoe and hosiery manufacturers.

"As soon as you instruct your treasurer to write the check for my modest fee," continued Michael Conroy, gravely, "I'll give him back your $60,000 and the lease of my Syracuse store. And in the mean time I'll tell you Mr. Schultz's own motto for success. '*If at first you don't succeed, fail, fail again!*'"

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# Told by a Girl Bolshevik

REPORTED BY WALTER DURANTY

*A poignant tale of Russian Revolution and of the dead past that could not bury its dead, as related by a young Russian woman to an accomplished American journalist*

WHEN the great famine came on the Volga in 1921, my brother was sent with a relief train to Kazan, to feed the children, and there he met the nameless girl whom afterwards he married. Kipyatok, they called her, because she prepared the boiling water — *kipyatok* — at the railroad station; for it was forbidden to drink unboiled water on account of the cholera which raged that summer along the Volga, taking no fewer victims than the hunger.

No one knew her name, nor anything about her save that she had come there one day in the winter before, off a train from the East, and at once had taken charge of the hot water, because the old woman in the hut had died that morning of spotted fever, and the place was vacant and the people on the trains wanted hot water for their tea.

She remembered nothing of her former life beyond having walked to a station much further east with some peasants from a small village, and then travelling many days in the train; but who she was or where these peasants had gone or why she left them, she could not say.

Each time a train halted at the station of Kazan, she would come out of her little hut and cry "Kipyatok! Kipyatok!" in a clear, melodious voice, for the people to come for boiling water with their teapots and samovars, and so the workers on the railroad called her "Kipyatok," and by that name she was known to everyone.

A BIG girl, slim and well built, with hair like yellow corn, cut short over her neck, and eyes as blue as the flowers that grow in the corn when it is ripening. About eighteen, she seemed, when first my brother met her, and the top of her head reached to the level of his lips, though he is above the average height. Clean, too, and hard-working, her one-piece costume of faded cotton, blue like her eyes, with no ornament but a necklace of flat amber beads such as the peasants wear, with a little pendant of a green Ural stone encircled by a band of gold.

She had washed and swept the hut until the bench by the stove was white as if bleached, and piled fresh straw upon it, and upon the floor, so that

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all was clean. Four young children were sleeping there when first my brother saw her, refugees from the German villages lower down the Volga, whose parents were dead or lost. They could speak little Russian, but Kipyatok gave them shelter and black bread and hot tea, with occasionally soup if she could beg meat or vegetables from people in the trains, though few had anything to give.

So my brother first saw her when she came to his train, asking if it was indeed true that he was bringing help at last, and could he give her some scraps of food for her hungry children. It was like that, you know, in the first days of the famine. No one could think help was really coming. They had suffered so much and waited so long.

My brother's train was the first that brought food in quantities to the Province of Kazan, although four of the Americans, who afterwards saved tens of thousands of lives in that region, had arrived the week before to begin organizing their great work, and many carloads of their food were said to be on the way from Moscow.

After three days he took Kipyatok to work with him on the train, because she was good at persuading the parents to let their children go to the "homes" to which the Americans were now beginning to supply food. For the hot water, an old woman was found without difficulty, as you may imagine, among those starving thousands, and the German children were taken to the first of the homes where the American food was distributed, though they all cried dreadfully at leaving Kipyatok and her little hut. But workers were so few and so badly needed that she herself accepted my brother's offer without hesitation, although for his part I think he loved her then already.

Very soon, he told me, she began to mother him as she had mothered the children, forcing him to rest sometimes, and eat, when he wanted to keep on night and day and said it would choke him to swallow food when so many were dying of hunger.

So she came to love him too, almost unconsciously, and one day when he proposed that they should go to the marriage bureau and declare themselves husband and wife and sign the documents, Kipyatok just smiled and nodded, putting her arm around my brother's shoulders and looking into his eyes.

I was hurt and jealous when Andrey wrote and told me he was married, as we two were alone in the world, my father having died before the war, and my mother and sister killed by a chance shell at their house by the sea near Riga when the Germans were besieging the city. I was angry to think that henceforth another was dearer to Andrey than I, and at first I hated this new wife of his, with her ridiculous name.

But a few weeks later I received from her a letter, in a big, round hand, like a child's, the first she had ever written, she told me, since Andrey had taught her how, and in places when her pen wavered I could trace stronger strokes where he was guiding her hand. So dear and friendly a letter, that as I read it I saw their heads close together over the paper, two of them full of love for me instead of only one as before, and suddenly the cold lump in my heart melted and I was glad to

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think I had a new sister in place of my own sister who was killed. In the spring of 1922, Andrey came back with his wife to Moscow, for the famine was now mastered, thanks to our work and the food from America.

In Moscow, Andrey was put in charge of one of the departments of the Metal Trust, and by good fortune was able to get two rooms and a kitchen above his office, one for him and Kipyatok and one for me, who had lately been brought back to Moscow to do Party work among the women in the factories.

There for a time we were most happy, the three of us, awaiting the fourth member of our family, that should be born in July; almost, we reckoned, on the anniversary of the day my brother had been so badly wounded five years before.

KIPYATOK used often to say she had two children already, my brother and me, to look after, because neither of us had known what it was to have a real home for so long, and were so deep in our work that we took no heed of food or clothing or even of health, so that always she must be guiding us and teaching us to live in a proper and regular fashion.

She was wise, this big sister of mine, despite her lack of education, and seemed to know instinctively how people should be treated when trouble arose in Andrey's work or mine, until gradually we both came to rely on her judgment, and follow her advice. In her spare time she read much of the works of Lenin and other leaders, and was especially interested in everything about the position of women in the Soviet State; above all, of peasant women in the villages, whose lives thus far seemed no less hard and backward than before the Revolution. It was decided that after her baby was born she should apply for membership in the Party, and perhaps in a year or two she and my brother would be able to go together to the country to organize the life in the villages on a happier plane.

AND then, about the middle of June, the first shadow came. One morning, as I was going out as usual to my work, Andrey called me into his office and said he was worried about Kipyatok, who two or three times had had strange nightmares and talked in her sleep. But the worst of it was that she talked a language he could not understand. I laughed and told him not to fuss about trifles, and said you could hardly expect a person to talk very plainly asleep. I was amused that my brother, who was always so selfsure and calm, should be as nervous as any other young husband.

"You don't understand," he said. "It is not just ordinary nightmares — that wouldn't matter, but this — I don't like it a bit."

He told me that ten days before, after we had spent a Sunday picnicking in the woods at Sparrow Hills, and came back late in a hot and crowded streetcar, something queer had happened. "I woke up suddenly," he said, "and heard Kipyatok muttering away to herself in some kind of gibberish. Her face was flushed and haggard. I put my hand on her head, thinking she might have fever. At once she became silent, but when I took my hand away she began muttering as before, very fast, in a sort of breathless whisper. Then all the blood went from her face until even her lips were pale and

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she gave a low choking cry and woke up. I asked her what was the matter and she said. 'I don't know; that is, I don't think so. I don't remember;' and with that went to sleep again, quite peacefully."

"Well, that isn't very dreadful," I said. "She was probably overtired, and people often have dreams they can't remember afterwards, good or bad."

"Yes," my brother said. "But that's not all. Last night it happened again, but in a much more definite form, and I assure you I am not exaggerating a trifle when I say that it was terrifying. Do you know anything about Kipyatok's life before she came to Kazan?"

"Why, no," I said, a little startled at his question; "except what she told us about coming down to the railroad station from a village somewhere in the East with some peasants. I asked her once if she couldn't remember anything more, and she said no, that before that her mind was all foggy. She couldn't even recollect the faces of those peasants, or their names."

"Well, I will tell you," said my brother. "Last night I was waked up by Kipyatok clutching at my arm. She was sitting up in bed with her eyes closed, muttering the same hurried whisper as before. But this time her face was twisted with fear. I was frightened and shook her by the shoulder. Then she opened her eyes and said several strange words aloud. 'Kipatusha,' I cried, 'it's all right, it was only a dream. There is nothing to be afraid of.' Then she looked at me and for a moment I went cold at the expression in her eyes. Then she made the same choking sound as the time before and threw herself into my arms sobbing, and before I could straighten her out she was asleep. But I lay awake, for a long time, because this time I had caught distinctly the words she had said aloud at the end. It was a phrase in French, twice repeated. 'Ah non, c'est trop! Ah non, c'est trop!' I'm sure of it, and the tone of her voice was dreadful."

"But Kipyatok doesn't know any French," I exclaimed in surprise. "Only two days ago she asked me the meaning of a French quotation in a treatise by Trotzky, and said she would never make a good Communist until she learned French and German."

"It was French," said my brother stubbornly. "I shall get the Trust doctor to come and have a look at her."

The doctor was a cheery old fellow who pooh-poohed the nightmares and said Kipyatok was as healthy a specimen as he'd ever seen.

Andrey was sent off to visit a factory soon afterward, and didn't get back until the day before Kipyatok was to enter the clinic.

Well, it seemed as if the doctor was right, for the baby was born very easily; a boy, as Kipyatok had said, weighing eight and a half pounds, and we all thought it the most wonderful child in the world.

After two weeks, Kipyatok came back to the apartment and all our lives centered on the baby, who was as strong and healthy as his mother and good as gold. In August, when he was about three weeks old, the weather became terribly hot, and Andrey suggested that Kipyatok and I and the boy should spend a fortnight in the country, at the Trust Rest House.

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It was a wonderful drive through the green woods, after the stifling Moscow cobbles, and everyone sang all the way, and once we stopped and plucked green fir branches to decorate our truck. The Rest House was splendid, a long low building in the middle of a large park, with green lawns and flowerbeds in front sloping down to a small lake. It used to be the château of Count Gorchenko. My brother and Kipyatok had a big room in one of the wings, with old gilt and brocade furniture and many pictures, and I had a smaller room opening out of it, and there was our own private bathroom just behind.

On Monday morning my brother went back to Moscow by the early train, and for the next three days we were very busy organizing a little play to be acted by the children.

THURSDAY was the hottest day of the year, and in the afternoon Kipyatok told me she was going to bathe in the lake. She bathed for nearly an hour until I grew anxious and called her to come out at once.

"You can't think how much better I feel," she said, as we walked back to the house. "I sleep badly down here, what with the heat and the baby. But now I shall sleep."

But the next morning she was feverish and hadn't slept at all. She stayed in bed all morning and at noon I brought her lunch from the kitchen. She said suddenly, in a fretful tone that was quite unlike her, "You know, Nadya, I can't bear that picture over the mantelpiece. I wish you'd get them to take it away." The painting was a copy of the Rembrandt in the Museum at Petersburg, the "Return of the Prodigal Son," and the house commandant told me it had been done by a French artist.

"It can't be removed," I said; "Don't you see it's painted on a panel set into the wall?"

"Well, I don't like it," she said, in the same peevish voice. "The faces all are watching me all the time, and I don't like this room either. I wish we had never come here."

SHE slept for two or three hours that afternoon, and seemed better for it, and enjoyed her supper. I washed the baby and sat with Kipyatok until she went to sleep. Once, in the night, I thought I heard her speaking, and ran in with my candle. But she was lying quite silent, fast asleep, though her face was flushed and she had thrown off the bedclothes which I rearranged without waking her. In the morning she complained of feeling tired and wouldn't eat breakfast. She had no longer any fever, but her eyes were dull and her face drawn and listless.

She dozed fitfully during the morning, but at lunch time she was sleeping so soundly that I thought it better not to wake her. She was still asleep about two, when I heard the camion and ran down to meet Andrey.

I told him Kipyatok had had a touch of fever, but it was past and she was asleep, which was the best thing for her, and I thought she'd be all right when she woke up. We entered her room on tiptoe and found her still sleeping, with the baby, who had been out most of the morning on the terrace, also asleep in the curve of her arm.

"You sit quietly beside them," I said to Andrey, "while I go down and get some lunch. Kipyatok'll be so pleased to see you when she wakes;

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she's been looking forward to your coming all week."

For a while after I had gone, my brother sat waiting by the bedside. The room was very quiet save for the occasional cries of children playing on the terrace below, and a beam of sunlight brightened the faded gilding of the bed and a long sofa at its foot. Andrey thought he would read a little, and reached for a book from the pile on a little table beside the bed. He was careless and upset a bottle of water with a loud crash. The baby woke with a wail, and Kipyatok sat upright with a single convulsive movement, almost throwing the child off the bed. Her eyes were wide open and she stared wildly at her husband.

"Go away!" she screamed suddenly. "How dare you come into my room!" and before he could say a word she went on, "Go away, go away, I beg you — I have never done any harm to any of you — please, please go away!"

She covered her eyes with her hands and swayed from side to side, moaning.

Andrey laid his hand on her shoulder and said, "What's the matter, Kipyatok, my dear little wife? It's all right. There's no one here but me, Andrey. It's Andrey, Kipyatusha."

Then he felt her whole body shudder. She grew rigid and, taking her hands from her eyes, put them on the bed at her sides to support her, looked him full in the face and said coldly, "Who are you? What are you doing in my room?" And then she changed again and lost that haughty air and said half aloud, "He's wearing a red rosette — one of them — God help me, what shall I do?" and covered her eyes again for a moment, and then said weakly: "Please, please don't hurt me. I've suffered enough! Oh, enough!" and began to cry, but without any tears.

You can imagine how Andrey felt — he was almost beside himself. But when she stopped sobbing a moment and jerked off her necklace, snapping its clasp, and held it out to him saying, "Take this, it's all there is left!" he lost control and snatched the necklace and threw it in a corner of the room and tried to put his arms around her. "Kipyatok, Kipyatok, my little wife, there's nothing to be afraid of — it's I, Andrey, your husband. Don't you know me? Don't you know the baby?"

"What!" she screamed, glaring around her. Andrey said she positively glared. "You my husband! The baby! What baby?"

"Your baby, of course," Andrey said, almost bursting with distress. "Look, he's crying. He wants you to take him in your arms and comfort him."

The woman gave a sudden dreadful shriek.

It met me at the foot of the staircase and drove me up the steps three at a time with my heart pounding in my throat.

I found Kipyatok sitting rigid, with blazing eyes, her face all bleeding, her nightgown torn, and Andrey, his face white as snow, standing in the center of the room, holding the baby stiffly in his two hands over his head. I will never forget how the face of the father in Rembrandt's picture looked down on that scene. As I ran toward her, Kipyatok cried out once, and fell back insensible. I turned like a fury on my brother.

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"What have you done to her?" I yelled. "Give me that baby at once, you great fool, and get out of here."

He went without a word. That poor baby was almost blue in the face, too frightened to cry, but when I soothed him and patted him and put him back in bed and tucked him in he began to bellow. I was actually glad to hear it; anything was better than that dreadful silence. He became quieter and finally whimpered himself to sleep. Then I turned to his mother, who lay white and still with the blood trickling down from her cheek on the pillow. In order not to think, I murmured over and over a silly rhyme, "There was a cat who killed a rat and ate him and became so fat," while I wiped her face with a wet towel. Then I put a cold compress on her forehead and her limbs relaxed and her breathing came easier. Little by little the color came back to her cheeks until at last she was sleeping naturally with her arm once more curved around the baby beside her.

I straightened up the room, brushed up the pieces of broken glass from the bottle, found Kipyatok's little necklace, and put it in my pocket to give her the next day, and then I went downstairs. My brother caught me in the passage and the marks of his fingers were blue on my arm for weeks. I hardly knew him, his face was so changed. He tried to speak, but couldn't.

"It's all right," I said, "they're both fast asleep and —"

"All right!" he cried. "But, Nadya, she was insane; she wanted to kill the baby, and looked at me as if — oh, I can't tell you — she looked as if she hated me, I — "

Of course, I'd been terribly upset by the whole business, and I don't know why, but I suddenly got angry.

"Stop it, Andrey!" I cried. "You and Kipyatok may both be crazy, but I'm not, and I'll thank you to tell me as sensibly as you can what it's all about."

That calmed him, and he described how she'd waked up suddenly and hadn't known him, and he tried to explain, and she'd got worse, and then he caught hold of her and she screamed and scratched her own face and looked at him dreadfully and tried to kill the baby, but he'd caught it away from her, and then I'd come and she'd fainted.

"Andrusha, you're a perfect fool!" I told him. "As if any woman would want to kill her baby, much less our Kipyatok."

Then we talked it all over and he told me what he had concluded. Kipyatok must have belonged to one of the old families. Probably she'd seen her parents killed or something like that, so that she lost her memory. Then maybe afterward the peasants were sorry for her and took care of her, but when the famine began her peasants had left their homes like so many others, and somehow she'd lost them and come on to Kazan. And this illness had brought the whole thing back to her. And that was why she'd looked at Andrey like that, and scratched her face and tried to kill the baby.

I didn't know what had happened, except what Andrey told me, as I've said, but I did know Kipyatok's cheek was scratched, and the rest of what he said about her sounded reasonable, because a lot of bad things happened

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in the early days of the Revolution.

I oughtn't to have admitted that, since it made Andrey worse. He was going away at once, he told me, and he'd never see Kipyatok any more, the look of hate in her eyes was so awful and —

"What do you mean?" I said, "not see your own wife just because she was sick and — "

Andrey wouldn't let me finish. "You don't understand," he said. "She's gone back to her old life. She's another person now. She doesn't know me. Oh, Nadya, if you knew how she looked at me! I'm going off at once to Moscow to ask them to send me to Vladivostock or Kamchatka or anywhere, so it's far away."

MEN *are* children. I stared him straight in the eye and said, "Andrey Mikhailovich Lupov, if you do anything of the kind, I'll never speak to you again. How dare you talk like that? You will come right upstairs with me, when you've finished your dinner, and you'll sit by Kipyatok's bed till she wakes up and then, perhaps, later, you'll apologize to me for being such a fool as to make me ashamed of my own brother. You call yourself a Bolshevik!"

Would you believe that it took me nearly an hour to get that boy upstairs? He made me so angry, sitting there by his wife's bed, with a face like death and hell, that I hardly felt nervous any more at all myself. Finally Kipyatok woke up, and smiled, and said, "Oh, Andrusha, I've missed you terribly. It seems as if I'd not seen you for years and years."

Andrey, the poor fool, just gaped at her, mouth open like a fish, and she went on gaily. "But just look at our Malchik, how he's grown since you last saw him!"

WELL, as I went out of the room, I felt in the pocket of my leather jacket the necklace Kipyatok had lost. I started to go back and give it to her, but when I took it out I saw the stone had fallen out of the band of gold. It was nearly dark, and I stepped out on the porch to see by what little light there was left if I could fix it.

Then I noticed the gold band had been a ring, and there was something engraved inside of it. It was awfully dark, and I held the ring up level with my eyes, but the name, if it was a name, I couldn't read. I was about to go in and light a candle when the sun gave one of those last little gasps of light you've sometimes noticed, and I saw, not the name, it was still too dark for that, but a crown. It wasn't a coronet; it was the imperial crown. I know, I've seen it over in the Gokhran.

Well, I never stop to argue with myself. I walked straight down to the lake and threw it as far as I could. As it hit the water, I thought to myself, "God knows where it came from or how Kipyatok got it, but you never could tell what kind of silly legend might have come of that ring if anybody but me had found it."

Kipyatok never even asked about it.

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# Can New England Come Back?

By Percival White and Walter S. Hayward

*Mr. White — himself of that Mayflower stock whose self-sufficiency he criticizes — is a market specialist, expert in manufactures. He and his collaborator discuss a problem of the highest regional significance*

With two per cent. of the nation's area, with seven and a half per cent. of its population, with forty per cent. of its savings, New England no longer has an industry in which her dominance is unquestioned. In Cleveland, Ohio, founded by New England families, are found the enormous metal-working plants which once belonged in Worcester. In Cincinnati is the centre of the country's machine tool industry, once localized in Hartford. In Wisconsin and in Mississippi are great paper mills, which have migrated with their owners from the region of the White Mountains. In Portland, Oregon, are lumber owners who were brought up in Portland, Maine. In every part of the country are settlements which are as much colonies of New England as New England itself was a colony of Old England. These latter-day pioneers have left the "stern and rockbound coast" where they were born and reared, and they have taken their industries with them.

From Atlanta to the sea, along the road once laid waste by Yankee armies, are to be found New England's cotton mills, rooted in the cotton fields themselves, their spindlage increasing year by year, to the detriment of New Bedford and Fall River. A large portion of these Southern mills are financed by New Englanders, and run by New Englanders — New Englanders resident in the New South.

In High Point, North Carolina, no less than in Grand Rapids, Michigan, is manufactured the furniture once built by the cabinet makers of Massachusetts. In St. Louis, San Francisco, and Chicago are the shoe factories belonging by tradition's right to Lynn and Brockton. Detroit has closed the automobile factories which once flourished in Hartford, Bridgeport, Springfield, and Providence.

The plains of the Northwest grow the country's wheat. This wheat is shipped to Minnesota milling companies, and the flour is sent back to New England owners, whose grist mills now no longer turn. The banking

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business of the country has drifted gradually from State Street to Wall Street. In every town of the country are to be found merchants who have forsaken bleak New England and set up elsewhere new "Boston Stores".

New England no longer supplies her own poultry and dairy needs. The dairy industry, in fact, is regarded as in an alarming condition, because the number of cows in New England is steadily on the decline. The red school house, with its windows boarded up; the abandoned farm, with only its lilac bush left to tell of happier years; the mill village, its water wheels still, its drab tenements deserted, its pavements grass-grown — this is one side of the New England of today. The New England which led the country, first in agriculture, later in shipping and commerce, and lastly in manufacturing, now counts its pennies and clips its coupons.

PHYSICIANS have not been wanting to diagnose New England's ills. They have not always agreed with one another, while the patient herself has often been inclined to adopt the attitude that the malady is largely imaginary and as much the result of panic as of actual indisposition. The troubles of New England, according to those who live outside the Pale, are due partly to age, conservatism, provincialism, and self-satisfaction; partly also to mere inertia.

In one sense, age includes within itself all the other ailments. New England has three centuries of tradition behind it. The frontier spirit that made the term "Yankee" a synonym for creative energy has flown elsewhere. New England wants to conserve and maintain what it has. The control of its businesses is often in the hands of trust companies and legal firms, where it has been placed in the interest of the widows and orphans of the men who founded them. The business executives of New England, according to their critics, at least, sit at ease in their desk chairs, too comfortably ensconced to take the trouble to understand the needs of their customers, and oblivious to the changes which are transforming other parts of the country. Automobile manufacturers of Detroit, for example, find that New England manufacturers do not want to be told how a certain thing can be done that has never been done before; that they do not visit their important customers to find out by personal contact how the interests of both buyer and seller can be better served; that they do not understand the meaning or value of proper advertizing; and that they are perfectly satisfied with themselves and heedless of criticism.

TO BE more specific, two great weaknesses in New England industry are due to moss-backed management and failure to understand the first principles of merchandizing. As an example of the former, a financial house asked to have a profit and loss statement made out every thirty days by a company which had been invited to do some financing. The answer was that such a procedure had never been heard of and was totally impossible. In regard to the second point, the weakness in merchandizing knowledge is obvious — New England does not know her markets. Products are manufactured and people may buy them or not, as the case may be.

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There has rarely been, until recently, any attempt to find out what people want to buy and then to make the articles accordingly.

New England industry, in the popular mind, is limited to two products; first, textiles, and second, boots and shoes. As a matter of fact, these comprise but thirty-one per cent. of New England's industrial output. Yet it is true, on the other hand, that the prosperity of many New England towns is built around a factory or group of factories devoted to the manufacture of one of these products. When hard times hit these industries, the results are obvious.

SINCE the post-war reaction, the New England textile industry has been in a blue funk. Textile towns, of which Lowell is a good example, have had such bad inferiority complexes that they have been inclined to regard their misfortunes as an act of God, rather than as an interesting economic phenomenon born of over-production and the natural tendency of an industry to congregate where production costs are lowest. They have not even sought to find out the underlying causes of depression, preferring an agonizing uncertainty to the sure diagnosis of a research expert. The mere fact that the Amoskeag Company, the largest plant of its kind in the world, with 800,000 spindles, could seriously consider liquidation, is evidence of the spirit abroad. Many smaller mills have already moved South. It is estimated that seventy-five per cent. of equipment now being made for new textile mills or additions of all kinds is being sold to Southern mills.

Disregarding Southern competition, disregarding also the traditional excuses of Northern mill owners that they must pay higher taxes, conform to more strict labor legislation, and import all raw material, the plight of the New England textile industry is due, at least in part, to contributory negligence. Business stagnation is not to be cured by wage cuts, but rather by the adoption of the scientific method of solving problems. There has been little substantial research in the Northern textile industry; little forecasting of economic and industrial conditions, little planning and scheduling of factory operation, little use of cost systems to control overhead. Most important of all, there has not been enough endeavor to keep up with changing conditions in distribution. For example, the New England firms which have always marketed through commission agents find it difficult to compete on equal terms with firms marketing direct. Furthermore, the speeding up of changes in style has necessitated much closer contact with market needs than ever before, and this contact has been lacking in the case of the majority of textile mills. Intuition, which masquerades often under the name of "past experience" and "common sense", has been preferred to knowledge of facts.

IN MANY ways the term "New England" is psychological as well as geographic. New England *is* a "state of mind". As a section it is different from the rest of the country, and is well aware of the difference. This distinction is something more than a matter of accent; something much more intangible. The person who arrives in Boston from Chicago immediately feels the slower, more

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conservative, more mature tempo. The outsider does not like it. New England is not popular with the rest of the country.

Many people draw a parallel between New England and Old England — a rather deadly one in many ways. "Here," they say, "is the same blight of industrialism, the same over-population, the same inability of an urbanized people to feed itself by means of the products of its own section. We hope New England does become a failure in industry; it will then be a better place to live in."

OPPOSED to this there is a large and ever larger body of opinion which would make over New England, and would have it hum as industriously as Detroit or Chicago. This opinion is becoming organized in the hands of capable leaders who are putting themselves at the head of a movement for the Renaissance of New England. There is a "Progress Week" in Boston, a "Spirit of Lawrence Week" in one of the oldest of New England's industrial communities, an "Exposition of Progress" under the auspices of the New Haven Chamber of Commerce. There is a new consciousness of sectional unity, more potent than at any time in the past. The keynote of this changed psychology is "Coöperation". The public is being converted by the most modern methods of propaganda and publicity. Behind all this movement is the organizing and stimulating influence of the New England Council, formed of business leaders from each of the six States, which is now studying the problems of New England with the help of the best governmental and professional talent.

Herbert Hoover said very truly of the New England Council that "It is not the actual result in action that this Council may secure in the establishment of new industry, or the expansion of industry, so much as the consciousness of the responsibility of the community for collective action in promoting its industrial welfare." In its effort to build a New England Consciousness, it publishes a *New England News Letter*, gives news service to New England newspapers, holds annual New England Conferences, and itself meets officially four times a year. It has induced the United States Government to make a survey of production and distribution in New England. This is to be the most complete and exhaustive investigation of its kind ever attempted. Special committees have been appointed to study particular problems. Some of these have already reported, stating the chief obstacles to progress and suggesting remedies.

IN AGRICULTURE, for example, the problem as it seems to the experts, is first, to secure the grading and standardization of the quality products of New England farms; and second, to effect a merchandizing system for them along modern lines. The first will be accomplished by uniform State grading laws; the second by educational publicity. The forestry programme, as outlined, is particularly interesting, since forests are regarded as the natural crop of most of New England. Crowded in population as it is, it still possesses three and two-tenths acres of woods *per capita;* even Connecticut having one and one-tenth acres. European experience has shown that eight-tenths of an acre *per capita* is enough to make a State self-

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supporting as to timber products. While fire protection and control of forest pests are urgently needed, there is an even more urgent necessity to have forest taxation adjusted so that owners of forest land may hold their property over long periods. In most of the New England States, owners of woodlots sell standing timber as soon as it has salable value, because of the method of assessing taxes annually on the value of the timber, rather than waiting for the assessment of the tax until the timber is cut.

In another field, the big power companies and State regulatory bodies have already been brought together and a plan worked out whereby power rates across State lines shall be submitted to the Public Service Commission of the States concerned. Many of the larger banks, furthermore, are coöperating in a survey to determine the relation of commercial banking to industry. There has been a suspicion in many quarters that banks were not helping out wholeheartedly or else were not well acquainted with the latest methods of banking. In addition to this, each industrial community is being invited to take an inventory of its assets to serve as a basis for planning its future, and to find out definitely its industrial gains and losses. A special committee has been appointed to further the development of aviation, in which New England is behind.

One of the most interesting lines of development is the move to make New England a resort. The examples of Florida and California have tantalized the shore and mountain recreation centres of New England with dazzling pictures of what might be. Many communities have abandoned their ancient policy of "splendid isolation", of suspicion of strangers, and of cool aloofness. The necessity of courtesy to visitors is being impressed on traffic officers, garages, and local merchants. The "Welcome" signs are being newly painted. Information booths are provided. Maine has passed an "open door" act, whereby non-residents can operate their automobiles for an unlimited period in the State provided they are properly registered in their own States. Tourist camps are being taken under State regulation.

This spirit of coöperation and coördination is to be noted with wonderment and, indeed, with admiration. It means something.

New England now wavers between the prosaic but profitable path of prosperity and the ancient and honorable way of the Forefathers which somehow had led into the Slough of Despond. It is not yet by any means unanimous in opinion, although the articulate portion is vociferous enough in declaring that it wants it slice of the pie of progress. Yet, even with the best will in the world, New England has not proved that she can "come back". She enters late into the race, and there are many stable doors that are being locked too late. Nevertheless, as an experiment in mass psychology, as a proof of the power of publicity, and especially as evidence of the constructive force of coöperation for mutual benefit, this effort of New England to regain her ancient position will be watched on all sides with the keenest interest.

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# For Safety, the Air

By General John F. O'Ryan
*President of the Colonial Airways*

*The author, leader of the 27th Division in France, does most of his extensive travelling by air. He sees speed as the secret of American prosperity and the commercial airplane as an opportune answer to our growing traffic problems*

Thousands of transatlantic tourists have returned to America this year more impressed than ever by the luxury of European air travel. They spread broadcast their praises of its regularity, safety and convenience, and so keep alive a question that has been repeatedly asked during the last half dozen years.

Why has our country, where the airplane was born and where every other means of transportation is most highly developed, lagged so conspicuously behind Europe in perfecting commercial air lines?

The answer is quite simple. We have not had a Government subsidy, as have the European nations. Until very recently, private capital has witheld support because operating returns could not be foreseen that would warrant the huge investment necessary for building *de luxe* ships and maintaining regular passenger service. In Europe, however, the leading Governments have financed construction of powerful planes for passenger service because of the assumed need for potential bombing planes and for a trained reserve of pilots and mechanics who could be shifted quickly into military service.

In the United States we have not felt that this military need is so pressing, and conditions have favored a line of development which, while slower, is economically more substantial. This development has been through the air mail. In postal and express service the pressing demand is for night transportation, so that mail may leave one city at the end of the business day and be delivered next morning at its destination. In European countries distances are so short that the railroads can furnish such overnight service. But in the United States only the airplane can thus tie up widely separated cities.

Hence, while American aviation is still in its infancy for passenger transportation, it is growing, through the air mail, upon much sounder lines than abroad. Obviously its growth will now soon include well organized and well patronized passenger routes. Privately owned airplanes for individual trans-

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portation will remain only playthings for the very wealthy, like their yachts and private railroad cars. To purchase a plane and keep it fit for safe flying is far too expensive an undertaking for the incomes of average men who can easily afford motorcars. Some business firms use airplanes of their own to furnish shortcut transportation to points reached only in roundabout routes by rail. This type of privately operated plane will rapidly increase. Otherwise, the only safe and economical development of passenger flying must be in large commercial systems under management that can afford the most expert pilots and the most meticulous maintenance of the equipment.

THAT the demand exists already for such service was shown when an experimental Boston-New York passenger line was started about a year ago. The schedule was fixed by the necessities of the New England air mail and was most inconvenient for passengers, and the terminal landing fields were remote from the two cities. Yet though the one-way fare was $35, the line was overwhelmed with patrons. It was found that the American public, men, women and children, would patronize a properly operated air line. The experimental service was after a time discontinued, pending the availability of a better New York terminal port. The chief problems now are to establish convenient landing fields, and to arrange passenger schedules more satisfactory than those for the mails.

As for safety, the public is aware that recent accidents have been chiefly to flyers of the "gypsy" type, to private owners not thoroughly skilled, or in the "stunt" and pioneering phases of the industry. The Colonial lines have not lost a passenger or a pound of mail or merchandise, in two years, during which regularly scheduled planes have flown 375,510 miles. The further development of the technical organization of all the large aërial transportation companies will permit a steady decrease in the remaining hazards.

As a matter of fact, it is interesting to discover that the air is not a comparatively hazardous medium for travel, but is free from many of the outstanding perils of earthbound traffic. Hitherto, all forms of transportation have been confined to the same horizontal plane. We have merely become hardened to the almost incredible loss of life traceable to this fundamental limitation of human movement. We have railroads, trolleys, horse- and motor-driven vehicles, and mankind itself, all struggling to move in various directions on the same plane, their many paths constantly crossing. Frequent collisions are part of this condition. The damages annually paid by the railroad companies alone, based on collision, constitute a colossal tribute demanded by this limitation of ground transportation.

THE increase in population is emphasizing the acuteness of the problem thus presented. This is illustrated by the public demand for the elimination of railroad grade crossings. But as a means of preventing collision it is a palliative only. The fundamental cause of our great collision loss is that we have all been restricted to movement on the same horizontal plane. Only now, with the advent of commercial air transportation, do we find the opportunity to avoid the hazard in

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radical and fundamental fashion. Now we have a third dimension—height. In the air there are many horizontal planes. Aircraft may there be assigned separate levels; northbound craft on one level, southbound on another, with east and west bound planes on their respective levels. Compare this extraordinary freedom from collision hazard with the dangers inseparable from ground travel. If the reader would be impressed by the difference, let him fly over some crowded area and look down upon the tangled traffic streams below him, each stream flowing in its own course, but ever crossing the other streams, and always elements of each leaving the main flow and meeting other elements, pedestrians, bicycles, motorcycles, motor cars, motor trucks, horse-drawn vehicles, trolley cars and railway trains. From a high altitude they seem like a lower order of life; like ants, for example, serious and effective in their own world, but fettered and limited from the larger point of view.

But this matter of the availability of different levels in the air for the movement of aircraft, does not tell the whole story of the air's greater freedom from danger. It is to be noted that ground transportation is fettered also in relation to lateral movement. Trains, trolleys and motor cars are tied to tracks or narrow roadways. On the other hand, aircraft have unrestricted freedom of direction. At any instant when in flight they may be turned to right or left or upward or downward. Does this extraordinary and novel elasticity of movement which characterizes air transportation, and which will mean so much in the elimination of collisions, mean nothing to the bankers and insurance men of the country?

But even this does not complete the story of the promise of aircraft. We must consider the limitation of speed imposed upon all forms of ground transportation, when a change of direction is to be made. Then it becomes necessary to reduce speed to a point which will permit the change of direction to be made without turning the vehicle over. An automobile or train running at fifty miles an hour must reduce speed to ten or fifteen miles in order to make a 90-degree turn without accident. It is largely this requirement which reduces so greatly the average speed of trains and automobiles operating between distant points. In the air there is no such restriction. It is as if the airway were banked at the precise angle, in relation to the weight and speed of the plane, to enable it to turn without any evidence of centrifugal thrust.

Thus, when the airplane banks or tilts in making a turn, the cabin passengers are not conscious of any thrust forward in the original direction, nor of the banking of the plane. To them it seems that the surface of the earth has tilted. Such is the smoothness of sharp changes of direction in the air. The plane may maintain its mechanical speed irrespective of anticipated turns or changes of direction, and this means less elapsed time between point of departure and destination. Furthermore, there is obviously the large saving of elapsed time due to the directness of the air route as compared with the devious windings and climbings of the average ground route. Saving of time means saving in costs of operation as well!

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So the airplane has not only opened up new conceptions of speed, but has begun to promise collateral features of striking value, which are now at last being recognized and appraised in the commercial sense.

It is fortunate for the development of air transportation that at the outset of its relation to the Federal Government a policy was adopted akin to that underlying the Government's responsibility to the Merchant Marine. From the inception of our Government, it has undertaken to provide and maintain the way into and out of the harbors of the country without expense to private enterprise. The same policy underlies the Government's development of the airways of the country. These airways are provided with intermediate landing fields every fifteen to twenty-five miles along the air route, and these fields and the route itself are provided with appropriate beacons and landing lights to enable the pilot to land at night.

Any thoughtful and observing person who travels on a great railroad line and notes the army of men and the wealth of modern machinery there at work in bettering the way between the terminal cities will be impressed with the measure of the cost and of the relation of that cost to the earning power of the road. One is still more impressed with the financial aspect of this burden of construction and maintenance of way when it is observed that the burden is apparently a continuous and ever expanding one. Not so in the air, nor even in relation to the Government's obligation in regard to the airway. No ties, rails, switches, spurs, sidings, tunnels, bridges, grade crossings, or automatic safety stop devices are required for air transport operation or for the airway.

But after all, the economic advantages of sheer speed, alone, are of far greater importance to American prosperity than is commonly realized. The great disparity between the standard of living here and abroad may be traced very largely to our extensive use of time-saving devices. The telephone, the telegraph, the typewriter, the cash register, the mail chute, the adding machine — these are only random examples of the multitude of time-saving devices employed by American industry more intensively than anywhere else in the world. In the aggregate this spells a really different form of civilization from that of most other countries. But within recent years our rate of speed has reached its maximum — has actually decreased — in one most important field, that of transportation. We have in the United States a sufficient number of automobiles to transport all the population of the United States in one movement without leaving a single child behind. The consequence, however, has been traffic congestion and the now familiar snail's pace crawl in city streets and along main highways.

For instance, motor trucks this year are moving a less number of miles an hour than they moved last year owing to the increased congestion on the streets and highways of the country. The railroads, too, have apparently attained their maximum of speed in the commercial sense. The Twentieth Century Limited between New York and Chicago was once an eighteen-hour train. Today it is a twenty-hour train.

It is disconcerting to realize that, in

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a field where the saving of time is so vital, we have already reached the limits of speed. If we are to maintain our American prosperity — and this of course is a relative term — we must maintain our lead in time-saving methods. To insure this we must turn to the air for transportation. This does not mean that in our time we will see staple products or raw materials, carried in large volume by air, but it does mean, if time is not to be wasted, that key men and all classes of small shipments and of mail and documents, where speed is the essence of the movement, must move by air.

If a realization of this truth were to be acted upon tomorrow throughout the country, adequate equipment would not be available to transport more than a small fraction of the new traffic. Fortunately, the demands will not arise in any such peremptory fashion, but nevertheless they are developing with great rapidity.

So far as costs of operation of an air transport line are concerned, estimates of operators vary over a range as wide as from thirty-five cents to two dollars a mile. On a route of 500 to 1,000 miles, with single motored planes operating daily (less Sundays) one trip each way, the cost should not run over eighty cents a mile. With traffic increases justifying an added flight in each direction over the route, that cost should be reduced by twenty per cent. The trend of cost is downward. Manufacturers are getting into production. Ships and motors are becoming increasingly efficient. Capital and maintenance costs should come down. On the other hand, the traffic trend is constantly upward.

The outstanding needs in the air transport industry today are the following: A decrease in the remaining hazard attached to the mechanics of flying; larger airports and an increase in the number available; the use of an effective system of radio communication between ships in the air and the ground; and the defeat of the fog menace.

Planes equipped with air-cooled motors of the higher grade find no difficulty in operating successfully in the lowest winter temperature. The modern plane, specially equipped, has little difficulty in landing upon and taking off from the snow.

The era of safe air transportation is here. The well organized air transport company operating in a promising field now has little difficulty in securing capital needed for expansion. Americans will soon be buying airplane tickets in as matter of fact a fashion as they now buy airmail stamps.

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# Beyond the Black Gobi

By Owen Lattimore

*Through the unknown "Land of the Three Don't Cares" and into the snows of Dead Mongol Pass; the first explorer to make the westward crossing of Mongolia's most desolate desert*

In a station yard a train of empty freight cars was backing slowly toward a round-shouldered mountain of stacked bales of wool, and by the gleaming rails, unmindful of roaring engines and clanking trains, stood a line of tall, sullen camels, lean and weary at the end of their hundred marches from Chinese Turkestan. Outside the yard, a score of caravans were stirring the loose dust into a golden haze, through which filtered the weak sunlight of a late winter afternoon. Camels bringing their burdens for the last unloading, to be stacked like offerings before the long trains, shuffled past unladen camels being led away by slow-gaited men dressed in roughly-tanned sheepskins; men whose feet, in clumsy cloth shoes patched with camel hide, were guarded against the deadly Mongolian cold by bandages of knitted camel hair.

This was Kuei-hua, on the railway from Peking to China's Northwest Frontier; Kuei-hua, which the Mongols call Kuku-khoto, the Blue City, on the edge of the Mongolian Plateau, where freight trains and camel caravans exchange their wares. Among the men of the caravans, a sullen breed half Mongol and half Chinese in their traditions, suspicious of strangers and only at home in the loneliness of the Mongolian caravan trails, I was searching for one to take me on the sixteen-hundred mile journey through Mongolia to Chinese Turkestan. Other men had gone into Mongolia on sporting or scientific expeditions, but I was bound on a different errand. My purpose was to follow up the caravan routes which lead into the furthermost recesses of the Asiatic continent, to live the life and study the manners of the caravan traders, which have endured unchanged through countless centuries, but are doomed in time to vanish before the advance of railways and motor roads.

The modern traveller, when he leaves the world he knows, takes with him an elaborate transport, sometimes including even automobiles, and always a multitude of servants; but I had set myself against carrying an atmosphere of my own civilization laboriously through Asia.

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I tried instead to match the color and tone of the caravan life, eating the same food and talking the same language as the men about me, and sharing a small tent with my camel man and one Chinese servant.

A DAY'S march from the railway, the last trace of the civilization that railways bring is left behind; with the first pitching of the tent we entered on the nomad life. It is a hard life. The caravan men boast that they are "servants to camels, not to men," and the routine of their life follows the needs of their camels. For this reason a great deal of the travelling is done by night. Explorers like to travel by day, in order to see as much as possible, and therefore do not mind using up the strength of their camels. Merchants are above all anxious to get their heavy loads to the distant cities for which they are bound, without exhausting the camels, which represent their principal capital investment. They therefore let the camels graze during most of the day, when it is easy to see that they do not stray. Late in the afternoon the caravan starts, and marches at the slow camel-pace of two or two and a half miles an hour until late at night, often until after midnight. Then camp is made; the camels kneel in long lines, so that their loads can be parked in orderly rows, and are then brought to the front of the tent, where they kneel in close ranks for the rest of the night.

A fire is made in the tent and the men, after drinking a few bowls of tea, roll themselves in their sheepskin greatcoats to sleep. Before dawn they are stirring again; more tea is brewed and the men mix in it either parched millet, looking like canary seed, or parched oat flour. Then, at the first hint of light, the camels are turned out to graze, under charge of two of the men. About noon a huge meal of coarse spaghetti is eaten, enlivened with sauce made of fermented mildewed bread, soya beans, bean curd, ginger, red peppers and minced mutton. This is the only meal of the day, except for the millet or oats which the men take with their tea. Late in the afternoon the camels are driven in and loaded, and the next march is begun.

FOR more than two hundred miles we travelled through wide pastures and rolling, grassy hills, where we were often in sight of Mongol encampments and of the sheep, camels, cattle and ponies of the nomads. Even the best land in Mongolia, however, is so thinly populated — there being less than one person to the square mile — that plenty of room is left for game. In the hills are wild sheep, much like the bighorn of the Rockies, and on the plains the antelope run frequently in herds of many hundreds. When wild animals are found in such large herds the Mongols will not shoot them. They believe that the soul of a saint must have migrated into the body of one of the animals, and that the presence of the saint has attracted the others. They are therefore afraid of shooting, for fear of killing the saint and bringing divine wrath down on their heads.

The country in this first part of the journey is comparatively well known, and parts of it have even been mapped, as it has been traversed by a number of travellers. Further to the West we entered a much more sandy, desert region, almost uninhabited and much of it totally unexplored, though

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the trails are known to the Mongols. We were now following a route hitherto unknown to geographers and only used by the caravans during recent years. They use it now because the best known caravan road, known as the Great Road, goes further to the North, where the Mongol tribes have asserted their independence of Chinese rule and are hostile to Chinese traders. The trade of Northern or Outer Mongolia is now a monopoly of Soviet Russia, which also dominates the country politically.

TRAVELLING by the new road, we traversed for many days the sandy deserts of the Mongol Principality of Alashan. In these regions the only permanent buildings are the temples of the Lama priesthood. There are sometimes several hundred Lamas in one of these temples, doing no work whatever and supported entirely by the gifts of the pious and superstitious Mongols. The temples are centres where the Mongols gather for their religious festivals, and at these times the Chinese traders come from great distances to hold fairs and trade with the crowds. If the temple is at a junction of caravan routes, a permanent community of traders' posts may be built up about it, growing eventually to an important trading town like Urga, Uliassutai or Kobdo—the only cities in a land of nomads.

The greatest of the sand dune areas of Alashan is at the western edge of the Principality. It took us two days to work our way through the highest of these dunes, where the sand lay in long snaky hills, many of them a hundred feet high or more. The crossing of such dunes is much dreaded by the caravan men, because the strong winds frequently wipe out in a few hours every trace of the trail.

LEAVING the dunes, we reached a curious river, the Edsin Gol, which marked roughly the half-way point of our journey. The river has its source in high, snow-capped mountains far to the South, in China. At certain seasons, when the water is being used by farmers in China to irrigate their fields, the river becomes nothing but a string of stagnant pools. At other times it is a quarter of a mile wide, with a strong current, and difficult to ford. The valley of the river is like a corridor running northward into the desert until it reaches a region of marshes and salt lakes. By this corridor the great conqueror Jenghis Khan made his first invasions of Western China, which resulted finally in the Mongol conquest of China and the establishment of a Mongol dynasty at Peking. The most famous Emperor of this dynasty was Kublai Khan, under whom Marco Polo took service as an important Imperial official, after succeeding in his great journey overland from Europe to China, in the Thirteenth Century. By the banks of the Edsin Gol there stood once the prosperous city of Etsina, which Marco Polo described. The ruins of the city, deserted for centuries, still stand in the desert as a witness of the former importance of the region in war and trade.

West of the Edsin Gol is the widest, most desolate and least known part of the great Gobi Desert. This central part of it is called the Khara or Black Gobi. The total breadth of it at this point, where it had never previously been crossed

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from East to West by any explorer, is about 240 miles. In the central part there is a distance of nearly 100 miles between wells. It is called the Black Gobi because the hard, sandy clay of which the soil is composed is covered with flat, slaty pieces of black gravel, gleaming sombrely in the glaring desert sunlight, which give it an inexpressibly sinister and deathly appearance. In the ordinary way a caravan does about fifteen miles at a march, but the longest waterless stretch of the Black Gobi we covered in three stages of more than thirty miles, keeping on the march for twelve and thirteen hours at a time. Such forced marches, without water and with almost no grazing, are a severe trial to camels whose first freshness has already been taken off by six weeks or so of desert travel, and many a camel drops for the last time in the Black Gobi, watching the caravan pass by and leave him to his fate. There is hardly a furlong on these exhausting stages that is not marked by the bodies of camels.

On emerging from the desert we entered a region of scattered grazing grounds. A Russian explorer who passed along the fringe of it nearly thirty years ago is responsible for its being marked on the maps as utterly desert; but it is in fact thinly inhabited. It is known to the caravan men as the Three Don't Cares, because the territory is not claimed either by the Mongols or by the adjacent Chinese Provinces of Kansu and Chinese Turkestan. The inhabitants are all Mongol renegades and outlaws, so that the region bears a bad name.

We were already salted in knowledge of banditry. At the time, I remember, what impressed me was the way these fellows went ahead through the dangerous regions with what seemed to me, as a Westerner, too much fatalism, too unprotesting a readiness to accept whatever might befall. Looking back now, I admire their hardened lack of nerves. What could be done, we did. What arms we had, we kept ready. We closed up the order of march, especially at night, so that there should be no stragglers easy to cut off. There was really nothing else to be done. If we met a caravan that had word of troubles ahead, we went still more cannily, ready to turn off the trail at the slightest alarm. After that, destiny was no longer in our hands. If we met men in numbers great enough to master us, that would be our bad luck. If we met them in small numbers, we might get through. We could not turn away too far from the line on which wells were to be found; though more than once, when warned in time, we did turn aside to make a forced march past some place — usually near a well — where danger was reported.

There was hardly a caravan man who had not at some time fallen in with "meeters-by-the-road", as they call these raiders of the Gobi, while I had taken my first lessons earlier in the year, when camping with my wife in the border country near Kuei-hua. Then again, while dodging through one of the worst belts of the grassland country, I had had an encounter early in the dawn, among mists rising off the flanks of broken hills. My small caravan was alone at the time, and I was the only man armed. We ran

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head on into a small band of mounted men, all armed with carbines, rifles and Mauser pistols.

EACH party checked its pace, and we drew slowly toward each other. Two of their men dismounted and took up careless attitudes — careless except that they unslung their carbines and kept them pointed nonchalantly toward us. Under my sheepskins I got my hand on my revolver, but that was all I could do. We began to parley at a discreet distance, both parties halting in an undecided way, our camels huddling together and their ponies reaching down to crop the spare grass. These men were not true Chinese, but Salars — bearded, reckless looking fellows, of a Turkish tribe from the western Province of Kansu. They were not out to rob, but were running a valuable cargo of opium, carried on pack-ponies. They might, in less troubled times, have been willing to "go over" us on the chance of pickings, but they were more anxious just then to get news of the road by which we had come, for they were afraid of meeting a stronger party than themselves, who might take their opium. In the end we exchanged news. They warned us of bad points in the country we were just entering, and we did as much for them. Then we sidled past each other, and the tension was over.

Here again, in the Three Don't Cares, the order of the day was to put our arms in evidence when strangers appeared. Any Mongols who approached our camps were careful to dismount at a distance and walk toward us, to show that they had no hostile intentions.

Passing warily and under arms through this territory, we camped at last within sight of the snow-mantled mountains of Central Asia — the most easterly extension of the T'ien Shan or Heavenly Mountains. Later, when we had approached the range, we tried to cross it by a pass with the uninviting name of Dead Mongol Pass — so called, some say, because of the death of a party of Mongols; but as others say, because it is always cold enough to freeze Mongols; which means something fearsome in the way of weather.

MY OWN caravan numbered only eight camels — another having died on the way — but I had been travelling in company with two large trading caravans of about a hundred and fifty camels each. At the foot of the pass we joined a group of other caravans, which had been waiting for favorable weather. When we made our attempt on the pass there were over a thousand camels in single file. On entering the pass we found it to be a long trough, almost level, filled with snow. We went ahead without much trouble, as the trail had been packed hard, until we were well into the valley, when the leading camels blundered into soft snow, which had been blown down from the mountain sides in deep drifts. Men on horses and men on foot tried to find or force a way through it, but the attempt was hopeless and in the end we had to give it up. When it came to turning back, however, we found that we were in a trap. Turning a thousand camels in single file, in a narrow valley, was no easy matter. The snow on either side of the narrow, packed trail was deep and soft, and when the camels fell into it they had to be unloaded and got out

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by digging and lifting. The temperature dropped steadily; in the glimmer of starlight on snow the little that could be seen was confusing. A sharp wind rasped over the snow, terrifying the men with the thought of an approaching storm, and there was nearly a panic. My camels were near the head of the line. It was nearly dawn before we got out to the mouth of the pass and camped. When it was light again I returned to the pass with a caravan man to try to rescue two camels which had been abandoned in the snow; but though they had been covered with felts, they were so numbed by the cold that it was hopeless.

Having failed to cross the range, we had to take another way, along the side of it. This led to my being captured by a border patrol. The frontiers of the Province of Chinese Turkestan are very strictly guarded, as the Governor wishes to keep clear of the civil wars which for a number of years have devastated the interior Provinces of China. The Governor just at that time was afraid that his own Province might be invaded by Feng Yu-hsiang, the "Christian" General, and I was suspected of being one of the Soviet Russian officers known to be in the army of Feng.

IT WAS a dreary place and a dreary arrest. We were camped in a shallow depression in the everlasting desert; a place where the concentrated rays of the sun kept the snow thin. In every direction an imperceptible ascent to the desert brought one into sight of black, sterile hills and sinister levels of wind-scoured snow. A tattered soldier rode out from the post to look us over, and rode away. Then he came back, with the two officers of the garrison, and a patrol. One officer was a Mohammedan, and with little difficulty he was wheedled and bluffed to stand on my side as far as he dared. The other was a scamp, a typical frontier scavenger, shifty-eyed, treacherous as a cur and eaten up with the most ornate suspicions.

He wanted not only to halt me until my "case" could be referred to higher authorities, but to go over all my belongings, unpacking and pretending to list them, with the perfectly evident intention of confiscating, for his own sole benefit anything he dared to take. It was a nasty position. Too strong a bluff would lead to the wildest accusations before the provincial authorities, and too much weakness would lay me open to something unpleasantly like being plundered. It was touch and go at the first encounter, but I managed to stand off the hungry soldiers, keeping my loads unopened, and to insist that a dispatch be sent at once to the nearest high authority. Then I resigned myself to "diplomatic detention" in this hole in the Gobi. I was cut off from all communication. Everything depended on whether I could impress and puzzle my captors enough to make them afraid of sending too exaggerated accusations against me to higher quarters.

A FORTNIGHT passed, during which I was allowed to go about during the day, under guard, but was forced at night to sleep in filthy and uncomfortable quarters next to the Chinese officer commanding the post. Had I not been able to speak Chinese, I should have been in danger of worse treatment, but at length my creden-

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tials were confirmed and I was allowed to proceed. At one time, when I had protested that I was not a Russian, I was accused of being a Japanese, and of having a forged passport. White men, other than a few Russians, are almost unknown in Chinese Turkestan and Japanese are quite unknown. The Japanese, however, have been heard of, because of rumors of anti-Japanese riots in the coastal provinces. I was frequently called a Japanese, simply because I said I was not a Russian, and because Americans had practically never been heard of except as a semi-fabulous people whose food was entirely made by machinery, living in a country where everything was made of gold.

After my release, I had still over two hundred miles to travel in order to reach the city of Kucheng-tze, the end of the caravan route. As all the caravans had gone by, we had to complete the journey alone with our eight camels. It was now December, and the winter had set in with unusual severity. The scanty grazing was buried under snow, and the starved and frozen camels grew steadily weaker. We struggled for over twenty days through snow that grew deeper and deeper. The camels became so weak that several of them had to be lifted to their feet at the beginning of each march. We ourselves were often almost without fuel, and running short of provisions. We lived largely on the meat of antelopes which I shot. To make matters worse, the owner of my camels, an ex-bandit and a bad character generally, blamed the delay and his bad luck on me. He became at times half insane and threatened to murder me, so that my Chinese servant and I had to keep a constant watch.

Over this last stretch we found an appalling number of camels abandoned in the snow, having become too numb with the cold to follow the caravans. The caravan men will never kill a camel that they are forced to abandon. They are afraid that its angry soul would follow the caravan and do harm to the other camels. Camels have such an astounding vitality that even when weakened by starvation and left unsheltered in such bitter weather they may live for a number of days. We passed many which were so thickly plated with frozen snow blown against them by the fierce winds that they could not even turn their heads; they lay there in a torpor, gazing after us with terror in their dimming eyes.

At length, after struggling against constant high winds and increasing cold, we came in sight of the range at the foot of which stands Ku Cheng-tze, the first great city of Chinese Turkestan, the capital of the ancient caravan trade, and the gateway by which at last I attained to the most remote Province of China, in the very centre of the continent of Asia. On the second of January, 1927, filthy, weary, swaddled in sheepskins, stumping along in felt boots, indistinguishable from any camel-pulling caravan man except for my bristling beard, but triumphant in having carried the journey through, I led my camel under one of the towered gates of the city, on the hundred and thirty-seventh day after leaving Kuei-hua, sixteen hundred miles to the East, at the beginning of the unknown road.

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# Italy and the Peace of Europe

By Count Carlo Sforza

*Does War lurk behind Mussolini's chronic Imperialism? His predecessor in charge of Foreign Affairs draws a striking parallel between Italy's future and Japan's*

I

I was Minister for Foreign Affairs in the post-war period, when Mr. Lloyd George had not yet dismissed his hope to create an artificial Greek Empire in the East. I strongly opposed the Lloyd Georgian projects. I thought — and I openly declared — that an Hellenic invasion of Turkey would be a grave mistake, and that if it were desirable to redouble the life of Turkish nationalism and militarism, that would certainly be the best way to ensure it.

During the Spa Conference, Mr. Venizelos, then, as now, Hellenic Premier, presented himself there and sought to have his way before the Supreme Council of the Allies. The Council was composed of Mr. Lloyd George for England, M. Millerand for France, and myself for Italy. Mr. Venizelos set forth his reasons: he was sure of success. Mr. Lloyd George looked happy for his fresh discovery of — he believed — the heroes of old Greece. I was the only one who replied, opposing Mr. Venizelos's arguments by showing the danger that Greece would run. I finished my reply with these very words: "My only regret is, that the attitude of Italy should be attributed to want of sympathy or even distrust towards Greece. I feel myself, on the contrary, inspired by sentiments of deep concern for her true interests. Italy is strong enough to wish rich neighbors. We want prosperous and peaceful neighbors, for ideal reasons, but also for practical reasons. The Greeks, in gaining too much, risk losing everything. One may die of hunger; but also of indigestion. I am quite sure," I added, as Mr. Lloyd George looked much displeased, "that in this hall there is at least one person who feels the deep sincerity of my words, and that person is Mr. Venizelos."

When I had finished speaking, I felt that rare pleasure that one never experiences from the applause of crowds and parliaments: I looked at Mr. Venizelos, and saw from the expression of his open and intelligent face — the only one Greek face with blue eyes — that he had appreciated the deep sincerity of my words, and that, if for only a moment, the impression had come upon him that

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some day they might prove true. But the die was cast, and everybody knows in what tragic fashion it ended for Greece.

What I said for Greece a few years ago, I deeply feel for the policy of my own country in the Balkans and, more generally speaking, in South-eastern Europe: no matter if Greece is a small country and Italy a Great Power. The problems of foreign policy are moral problems much more frequently than cheap Machiavellians are likely to believe; and moral problems are irrespective of size.

If Italy is sure — as she has always been — of her future, she has a paramount interest to work for peaceful and reliable friendships in the Balkans, helping to democratic developments from Yugoslavia to Rumania, without importations of more or less fashionable and more or less troublesome royal crowns. It is only through a policy of peace that the Balkans may become, intellectually and industrially, the best and nearest Italian market.

Mazzini, our great democratic apostle, foresaw in the 'forties, during his exile life, our political programme in the Balkans in pages that might still be our gospel: "The peoples of the Balkans will rise some day; they will constitute independent nations. We must promote union, progress and peace among them; we must, in a word, do just the contrary of what short-sighted and selfish Austria always tries to do."

## II

THE imperial Austria to which Mazzini was alluding has disappeared. Half a million Italians died in the trenches for that. Is it possible to make people suspect that the old Austrian policy of *Divide et impera* is not dead?

Lord Salisbury — the last of a great line of Conservative British statesmen — used to say that the chief responsibility for all the silly things said or thought about the gravity of the Anglo-Russian relations lay with the geographical atlas, which gave the impression to the casual observer that the Russian Bear was waiting round the corner, scarcely concealed behind the Himalayas, for the chance to jump and hurl himself upon India.

It would not surprise me if a like simplicity of concentration had helped to create the nostalgia for a lost Austria-Hungary which it has been sometimes the fashion to cherish in Western Europe. Men of mature age had, many of them, grown used to seeing on the map a vast, unicolored blot, joining itself to those others which symbolised Russia, Germany and Italy. To the south lay lesser barred stains of color, Serbia, Rumania, Albania and others, and from them used to come rumors of wars and uprisings. Small wonder if, watching the barred stains spread northward, amid the complications of a post-war period, a sharpened regret was felt at the disappearance of solidity which had formerly been presented by the Hapsburg monarchy.

IN FRANCE, where, especially in the aristocratic salons, the nostalgia for old Austria and the mistrust for the Balkan States was stronger, I have often talked about the Austria of yesterday and the Balkans of today with some French statesmen who, out of regret for the Hapsburg monarchy, nourished a secret dislike for the new political formations. One of them was

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Paul Deschanel, whom I saw a great deal after his resignation as President of the Republic, while I was Ambassador in Paris.

Leaving aside — I used to say — the rights of nationality, the feeling of Italy, the consequent alienation of Italian, Serb and Rumanian sympathies, apart from all this, you would have based your chief support on artificial and unsound constructions. Think of one who, for all his lack of equilibrium, was no common mind, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, assassinated at Sarajevo; what was the aim of his "Trialism"? The only way to save Austria, but also the surrender of Austria as a Germanic power, and her becoming a State where the Slav elements, your despised Balkan peoples, were raised to the same authority as the Austrians and the Hungarians.

Now, the campaign against the Balkan States is waged in England by Lord Rothermere and his *Daily Mail*. He has discovered that Hungary has been wronged by the Peace Treaties. Certainly, the Oriental Treaties, like the Versailles Treaty, are by no means perfect. But the great difference between former Austria-Hungary and the new Balkan States is rarely pointed out by the most bitter critics of the present situation: it is hidden behind political reasons and pathetic complaints about frontiers. It is in this reason, in this deeper truth, that a far-sighted Italy ought to look for a definition of her policy.

In Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Rumania, the peasants have more and more become the masters of the land, replacing the former supremacy of the old aristocrats. Bulgaria always was a country of small landowners. The only Balkan exception remains Albania, where the Begs still represent what the feudal nobles were in the Middle Ages. But, apart from Albania, it is only Hungary that in Eastern Europe constitutes an oasis of proud "*latifundia*" surrounded — and menaced — by an ocean of small properties, all belonging to peasants, or semi-peasants, or little bourgeoisie with no tradition or prejudice of caste. These small landowners, be they Yugoslavs, or Czechs, or Rumanians, may have many faults — and, indeed, some of their Governments have. But they are the reality of tomorrow; they are, much more than they think themselves, the greatest growing reason for peace in the European East.

The Hungarian aristocrats know that their landless peasants look with envy and admiration to their Slav neighbors. This is why — perhaps sincerely, unconsciously; the recesses of the human soul are so deep, and the art of self-deception so innate in human nature! — the Magyar oligarchy agitates the flag of archi-patriotism and reconquest. They hope, by that, to have the peasants forget that they have no land.

Meanwhile,— fatal retribution,— it is in autocratic Hungary that seeds of Bolshevism may be detected: while in Czechoslovakia and in the Balkan States it is a practically unknown plant. (Stambulinski, the murdered Bulgarian Premier, was simply an Agrarian: his fault was his will to create a permanent peace with Yugoslavia; when he was attacked as a Bolshevist, it was only to find a bad name to have him hanged.)

Feudal Austria-Hungary, with her fifty million subjects with nine

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different languages, knew that her safety lay in the constant jealousies of the races struggling in her non-"melting pot": Croats against Magyars, Magyars against Austrians, Slovenes against Italians, and so on. It was not enough: Austrian diplomacy was always at work for mischief between, let us say, Bulgaria and Serbia, or Rumania and Bulgaria. Balkan nations at peace with each other might have meant progress for them and diminution of power for Vienna. An artificial source of hates has therefore disappeared with the disappearance of the Hapsburg monarchy, which was indeed nothing else than a sterile oligarchy of courtiers and bureaucrats, with no spiritual message for the world.

ITALY, with her five hundred thousand dead in the battlefields of the Alps and of the Carso, has been the main author of Austria's collapse. No great power is now any more watching from the upper valleys of the Danube to create artificial hates, to keep alive the divisions of Eastern Europe, in order to further its influence, its sterile prestige — to use this most hateful of all the words belonging to the arsenal of old diplomacy.

Italy may have, must have, a great future in the Balkans; but the foreigners who, admitting that Italy has the right to expand, think, in some vague, sympathetic way, that she may usefully take as her mission the *Drang nach Osten* of old Austria, do her wrong.

Italy cannot have vanquished Austria-Hungary only to copy the sterile Hapsburg traditions, sterile because based on petty visions of diplomatic jealousies.

## III

HISTORIC and geographic parallels smell always of a certain mental artificiality. There are never two political situations quite alike. But I could not help, last year, when staying for the third time of my life in the Far East, perceiving certain analogies between the fate of my country and Japan's. A French publisher had asked for a book on the Chinese situation. I was one of the few men left not having written a book about China. So I went, wrote, and now am like everybody else. It is when going from Japan to Manchuria that one cannot help feeling the analogies I alluded to. In both countries, Italy and Japan, marvellous beauty of nature, allied to a comparative sterility of the land, with the exception of some fortunate plains; in both a tremendous constant increase of the population; in both a fatal necessity of expansion, taking, according to the periods, the most different forms.

Everything seemed to dictate to the Japanese their effort of penetrating Manchuria: the privileged position created there for them by the treaty of Portsmouth in 1905; the impossibility of finding outlets for their emigrants in the United States and in Australia; the lack of enthusiasm among Japanese masses for settling in tropical zones like the French Indochina and even their own Formosa; the proximity of Manchuria's fertile plains; the patriotic conception — appealing to a race with a strong sense of the dramatic — of seizing the hilt, Manchuria, of that geographic sword, Korea, which menaces the very heart of Japan.

The conquest and assimilation of Manchuria became for years the

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order of the day throughout the nation. But fact was, in the long run, stronger than enthusiasm. And the fact was simply this: that the more the Japanese increased their political hold, the more they were losing in trade and importations.

IT WAS only yesterday — the Seventeenth Century; is it not yesterday in Chinese history? — that Manchuria was a savage land set outside the boundaries of the Middle Kingdom. In 1644, the Chings — sovereign Lords of Manchuria — violated the futile barrier of the Great Wall and marched upon Peking: whence, installed on the throne of the Mings, they made themselves masters of all China. But China always takes back what seemed lost for her: today, Manchuria is occupied by more than twenty-two million Chinese. In 1905, on the morrow of the Treaty of Portsmouth, they were about two millions. The best lands go all into the hands of the Chinese. The Japanese sell, and go back to their islands.

After two decades of military violence, of diplomatic intrigue, the Japanese have learned at last, in Manchuria, that war does not pay. With the rapidity of change, so essential to their nature, they have now found another aim to their Manchurian policy: that of maintaining sufficient authority to ensure order, and with it, prosperity; provoking new needs to be satisfied, and, above all, respecting Chinese sovereignty. At the present day, Manchuria is the most prosperous province of China.

Will this experience move the Japanese Government to adopt an analogous policy for the whole of China? There is one of the gravest problems in the Far East, and, perhaps, in the whole world.

The recent bloody events in Shantung are no reason for despair. In Japan, — as in too many countries of the after-war period, — the contrast is deep between the new tendency of the nation which has instinctively learned the lessons of the war, and the particularist interests of castes still in power. The Shantung expedition is so manifestly contrary to the permanent interests of the Japanese national and economical life that it may be considered as a vain and transient attempt of the castes in power, to try again on Nippon the intoxicating wine of militaristic adventures.

I dare to affirm that the intoxication will not be serious, and that the forces of reality will soon win.

IF JAPAN finds again the strength and the courage to be accused of feebleness by the braggarts of militaristic and nationalistic "patriotism", — as it happened when last year Tokio resisted the British Cabinet's suggestion of a punitive expedition to China, after the Nanking outrages, — a great era may some day be unfolding before her sons, not only in Manchuria, but in the whole of China.

But this Japan will be a new Japan, with no more the old gnashing mask that Kaiser William II reproduced in a picture which he called *The Yellow Peril*, and which he sent to all his crowned colleagues.

The same will happen for Italy in Eastern Europe, if only Italy remains faithful to the democratic doctrine of Mazzini. No militaristic mask can help Italy in the task of conquering in the Balkans the situation to which history and nature entitle her.

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# The Real Gene Tunney

## Seen by the Captain of the *Mauretania*

S. G. S. McNeil

*A figment of publicity? A mysterious personality? A poseur? —At sea, freed from press pursuit, Tunney showed briefly his natural self, here revealed by the veteran Cunard skipper with whom he sailed for Europe*

In the twenty-one years since she established the record for the transatlantic passage, the *Mauretania* has carried celebrities literally "too numerous to mention". Some of the most famous names of our time have appeared upon her passenger lists. At each end of her voyage, her decks have been repeatedly stormed by newspaper men *en masse*, clamoring for interviews with notables of world-wide fame.

But never has any celebrity aboard the *Mauretania* been more assailed by attentions from the throng on the dock, more besieged by reporters, more badgered by photographers, more hounded by every agency of "pitiless publicity," than a certain modest young man with an engaging smile who sailed with us to England a few weeks ago.

Against the vociferous opinion of all the rest of the world, Gene Tunney boarded the *Mauretania* tenaciously holding to the theory that he was now a private individual whose affairs should no longer concern the public.

Two things impressed me from the outset about this most extraordinary figure in the annals of sport. The first was that popular curiosity about Gene Tunney's true self has been in inverse proportion to his popularity as a heavyweight champion. The very journals that were inclined to carp at him while he wore the crown showed a furor of interest in his smallest acts once he had renounced that crown.

The second impressive fact about Gene Tunney was that his desire for the seclusion of private life springs from an innate nobility of character that makes him as lovable a young man as I have ever had the pleasure of meeting.

It is probable that the privacy now desired by the retired champion has never been so completely his, since first he entered the ring, as it was during the few brief days he spent on the *Mauretania*. Behind him was a career that had forced him to keep himself constantly in the public eye, surrounded by an atmosphere of the

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pugilistic camps. And ahead of him, though he did not realize it then, was a time when he was to be thrown into the den of London's literary lions, and mobbed by the populace in England and on the Continent as only Lindbergh before him had been mobbed.

But for the short time while he was at sea and out of range of the newspapers, Tunney could be simply and genuinely himself, among people who understood and respected him for his native fineness. As soon as he realized that the attitude of his fellow passengers was courteously casual, he cast off his restraint. Consequently, those of us who associated with him during the trip had a remarkable opportunity of knowing the real Gene Tunney. Our impressions were summed up as follows by a passenger who himself bears a name not unknown:

"Gene Tunney is my ideal of the boy whom I would like to claim for my own son."

IF, IN a few words, I can do my bit to put Tunney before the American people in his true light, I am anxious to do so, because I believe he is neither understood nor appreciated by the majority. In fact, he is more of a mystery in the land of his victories than he is on the other side of the Atlantic. In Europe he has been frankly taken at his face value. In America the opinion is widespread that, whatever Gene Tunney is, he cannot possibly be what he seems to be. Some people talk about him as if he were a figment of press agentry, painfully affecting literary interests in order to live up to the Tunney "tradition". The rank and file of fight fans, on the other hand, howled for Dempsey because they considered Tunney too much of a highbrow, lacking the real fighting punch.

I am at a loss to understand this American attitude, because Tunney — once he is free from the false position in which publicity has put him — proves to be the living model of America's own finest ideals of manliness. Gentle, generous, modest, wholesome, courageous, determined, preëminently successful, his kindliness tempered by the cold, scientific precision that carried him to the top against the mere brawn of the "born fighter" type — what more can be said of the perfect man? Except these further things which must also be said of Gene Tunney, that he has a keen sense of humor and alert intelligence in a fine physical frame, with never a touch of insincerity in his makeup.

FROM the moment he came aboard, he showed neither the haughtiness that makes a pretense of isolation, nor the timidity that fears questioning. He might have shut himself up in his stateroom, as many a celebrity does. Instead he settled down on the sun deck and endured with all the cordiality he could the quizzing administered by reporters whose personal inquiries irked him. Four news photographers secretly stowed themselves away somewhere on board, as we left our pier, in the hope of extracting a few final tabloid sensations out of Tunney. When we discovered them they were buzzing around the retired champion like flies, and he was enduring it all with gentlemanly poise. I sent the four photographers ashore with the pilot, after giving them a dressing down that I hope they will long remember, for their act was an infraction of regulations that might have meant heavy

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penalties for us. I told them I hoped they would be held on the pilot boat for three days, on bread and water, and charged $75 a day for their board.

But even that didn't rid us of the tabloids' attentions. Before we were long at sea we were bombarded by radio messages, asking for details of Tunney's life on board.

I discussed the first message with Tunney himself. I argued that, after all, he had achieved his fortune through the immense popular interest in the world's heavyweight championship and that, despite his retirement, he might make concessions to the public, respond to reasonable interest in him as a public figure, and give the clamor six months or so to die down. He felt, in reply, that he had already given value received, and ought to be allowed to fade out of the picture at once. Still, he consented to send the papers one radio message about his enjoyment of the trip and his future plans.

Did that satisfy the press? Not at all. Messages continued to come to me and to the chief radio operator that were outrageous in their obvious purport — the effort to stir up some sort of a petty scandal. We ignored these calls, of course, but what puzzled me was the intention that clearly lay between the lines of some of the newspaper queries. They seemed eager to find some way of pulling Tunney down from his pedestal — to make him a fallen idol for the mob to gloat over.

No wonder Tunney seeks privacy; no wonder he was retiring for the first few days. When I met him one evening on deck, and asked him to come inside and dance, he sought to put me off. At last he consented to watch the dance, but he would not take part in it. Later, however, his restraint wore off, and he could be seen on deck at any time, talking naturally and casually with all comers, or reading — not popular novels but books of serious value.

One day, when he complained that he was putting on weight, I taught him deck tennis. The next afternoon three youngsters asked him to make a fourth with them at deck tennis and he joined in their game with a pleasure that was as obvious as was their pride in playing with him. But later I had a still more interesting glimpse of Tunney under that final test of a great man — his genuine affection for children.

One evening I had a small gathering in my cabin, including a pianist of international fame. She asked me for my autograph.

"Why ask for mine, when there is a real celebrity coming?" I said.

She looked at me in hopeful awe.

"Not — not Tunney?" she exclaimed.

When Tunney arrived and they had been introduced, she showed him hesitantly a letter from her small son. In awkward, misspelled words, the boy had written something to this effect:

> I think you are going to sale on the same boat with Mr. Jene Tunny. I hope you have a chance to talk with him. Of course I'm a Britisher and Heeny was Australian, but I'm glad Mr. Tunny won, because hes my ideel of a great man.

Tunney read the letter with a smile of pleasure that was touching; and he volunteered to autograph a newspaper picture of himself that the boy had enclosed. Then — and this was the

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simple, spontaneous gesture that won all our hearts — he asked, almost shyly,

"May I have your little boy's letter — to keep?"

When the proud mother acquiesced, Tunney carefully tucked the letter in a billfold from his pocket. It obviously was not an affectation, but a charmingly sincere act. I think that little lad's letter meant more to him than would the homage of all the fight fans in the world. When his proposed walking trip through France was mentioned, he said:

"I have been there before, you know, during the war."

He might have let it go at that. But his modesty led him to add:

"I never served at the front, though. Apparently they didn't think I'd make a good enough fighter, and they kept me back of the lines."

IT SEEMS strange that Tunney has been criticized for not being the born fighter in the ring which he would undeniably have been had he been sent to the front. His very lack of boastful, bloodthirsty qualities is certainly an added reason for praising his scientific triumph in an activity that was normally distasteful to him. And, oddly enough, the very sporting experts who will talk loudest about boxing as "the science of the gloves" were among the first to write ironically of the chap who alone has proved it to be sheer science.

But beyond all other qualities, I was most interested in Gene Tunney's complete poise. In small social gatherings, in the dining saloon, at our boxing matches (which he refused to referee, so completely did he insist upon his severance from the ring), in any company of any mixture, his composure was so democratic yet graceful that he put everybody else instantly at ease. When he was offered a drink, as repeatedly happened, he did not refuse, or make remarks about his own teetotal standards that might have embarrassed others. He cordially accepted a glass, touched it to his lips for a mere whiff, then unobtrusively put it aside. Gene Tunney's poise is such that if he were formally introduced to the King of England, any embarrassment would be on the other side. His native grace is his greatest charm. He is one of nature's gentlemen.

AMID the recurrent slanders on modern youth, I think of three names that refute the charges so long bandied about. Certainly there is nothing wrong with a generation that has produced Charles Lindbergh, Helen Wills and Gene Tunney. They stand out as admirable specimens of young America, and as models for it. After playing deck tennis with Helen Wills, recently, — and may I remark, in passing, that her famous poker face vanishes completely when she is being beaten? — I said to her:

"I'm British, of course, but I hope you continue to wear the championship crown until a greater interest enters your life. There could be no head upon which laurels would rest more fittingly."

The same might have been said of Tunney. He is far too big a man to be merely heavyweight champion of the world, but he has done inestimable service in raising the standards of sport generally, and there is no head more worthy of laurels or more likely to wear them in any field of human endeavor he may enter.

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# The Deacon Flies

By Burges Johnson

*Taking a literal bird's-eye view of Europe, the Yankee sage philosophizes upon the likenesses and vagaries of various peoples*

The Deacon has flown. I do not mean fled; I mean that he flew. He and his wife, and his chin-whisker, and his clipt nasal speech, and his ineffaceable Yankeeness, got into a plane at Barcelona and flew to Marseilles and Geneva. Naturally he liked it. Any man who can patch the machinery of a Ford car with fragments of a retired hayrake is not going to shy away from any mechanical contrivance, whatever his years or its purpose.

His wife was evidently a bit fluttery, but she followed him with the same gentle determination that led her first to taste snails in his company. It was our privilege to fly with them.

Most of the hours in the air he spent leaning far out of his window, looking down. When he did draw in his head to shout some comment to us above the noise of the propeller, his naturally rosy cheeks were rosier with wind and excitement, his blue eyes sparkled in their setting of deep wrinkles, and his tousled hair and whisker made a fluffy gray halo around his face.

We watched the massed buildings of Barcelona give place to detached factories and scattered villas, and the tangle of masts and the smoke of the harbor merge into a broad white beach edging the blue expanse of the Mediterranean. Then we turned inland over endless cork forests and the crags and cañons of the Pyrenees, and looked down into the ruins of old towers built by Roman or Phœnecian or Arab or Celt. Then over the sea again, past the jutting rocky promontory that guards France. Then dunes and sand-bars and deserts of sand, and bays and rivers and cities and bathing resorts and fishing boats and the salty flats around Marseilles, where we alighted for an hour of *terra firma* and omelet and bread-and-butter and French beer. Then up again over more marshes and rivers and little and big towns, and then hills, and higher hills, and mountains after mountains, with chasms growing deeper, and peaks higher and bleaker, until suddenly a white cloud in the sky ahead became the snowy crest of Mt. Blanc.

"Another of my fixed beliefs about Europe is busted," shouted the Deacon at me. "I've always heard that every square foot of France was cultivated. But I've seen enough unpro-

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ductive, uninhabited land just in this one trip to hold a million more folks. When they get really overcrowded they can drain their swamps.

"They've got all the geography we've got," he added after a moment, "only it's done up in a smaller package. Mountains as high as ours, rivers as useful, marshes an' desert as useless, an' all the rest of it. If only they had decent coffee an' pipe tobacco, they'd have a great country."

OVER our lunch table at Marseilles he chatted more comfortably. "I'd like for every American to get abroad at least once in his life. But then, if all of 'em came over, they wouldn't meet much of anybody but other Americans, an' the trip wouldn't do 'em any good. We're as provincial as any folks in the world. Take that lady in the hotel at Barcelona. What she remembered best about Carcassonne was the fact that she met some nice Chicago people at the hotel; an' Paris to her was nothin' but a succession of folks that knew folks that she knew back home. She never really got abroad at all."

"What have you gotten out of it, Deacon?"

The old man munched away thoughtfully. "Waal, it's disproved a lot of generalizations. I guess the whole process of education is first learnin' facts enough to generalize with, an' then gettin' so far underneath the facts that you find the generalizations ain't so.

"Take this part of the world," said the Deacon, gesticulating gently with his bread. "I knew it was picturesque an' its people artistic; yet they build new factory towns as ugly as any in America, an' stick up billboards all over the place. I thought America was speed-crazy; but I've changed my mind after tryin' to cross the streets in some of these cities. I thought we were 'way ahead of 'em in transportation, but travelin' by airplane here has been commonplace for years. I had a notion that Frenchmen were in general polite an' Americans rude. But since I've seen French men jostlin' women off the sidewalk or fightin' 'em for subway seats I have to do some more guessin'. I've believed that the tippin' system was un-American. But I've been insulted in a Boston barber shop because I didn't give one, an' I've had so many Barcelona taxi drivers refuse a tip I know for certain they don't take 'em.

"What have I got out of it? A kind of a new idea, for me, that one modern civilized people averages about as nice as another. A Frenchman can be as speedy or as impolite as any American, if he wants to be, an' a lot of 'em do. An' neither nation has any monopoly on quiet homes an' comfortable home life. I've got a hunch," added the Deacon, "that when we Americans stop generalizin' about Europeans, an' learn that they're just folks, like us, we'll join the League.

"WHAT puzzles me most about Europe just at this moment of talkin'," said the Deacon over his pipe, "is how its peoples have managed to stay separate an' distinct fer so long. Take a colony of Italians an' put 'em in California in a settlement of their own, 'an in two generations they've merged with their neighbors, an' you can't find 'em. France an' Spain an' Portugal all put together ain't much bigger than Texas, I figger; yet different groups of people

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in that little territory have been talkin' French an' Portuguese an' Spanish an' Catalan an' Basque fer centuries, an' stickin' to their own separate habits of eatin' an' dressin', an' never even learnin' how to talk to each other. I could understand it better if the whole place was bigger."

"How about our Spanish-Americans?" I argued. "They tell me Federal judges in New Mexico still have to hold court in Spanish."

"So I've heard," said the Deacon; "but when you figger that one county there is as big as Portugal, with the inhabitants passively resistin' English influence, an' that it's only about seventy-five years since the mergin' began, you'll find a surprisin' lot of change has come in that short time. In another fifty years they'll be merged, more's the pity, an' they'll all chew gum at movin' picture shows, an' throw pop bottles at baseball umpires. But Portugal is almost surrounded by Spain, the two of 'em bein' about as big as Ohio, an' they can't understand each other's talk after a thousand years.

"I'M GLAD you persuaded us to look into Spain," said the Deacon, as we were getting ready to enter our plane again for the second leg of the journey. "I'm glad if only because it proved one of my fellow-Americans wrong. I like to think America as a whole is always right, but at the same time I know she's full of wrong-headed individuals that I'd disagree with in an argument. I met this one at a hotel an' he said there was nothin' to see in Northern Spain, an' we'd ruin our digestions. Waal, there was lots to see, an' France hadn't left us any digestion to ruin. I'd rather have seen the cathedrals in Barcelona an' Gerona than any two others, an' even if I can't manage three meat courses at every meal in hot weather, along with soup an' salad an' hordooves an' cheese an' cream-puffs an' bananas, I'm interested to see a whole nation of folks that can."

I agreed with the Deacon. Perhaps that hotel acquaintance of his will read these pages. If so, I must tell him that we saw but a corner of Northern Spain most easy of access. But in that corner we saw ancient Greek and Roman ruins, present day streets so narrow that two donkeys could not walk abreast, an ancient cathedral dome with the widest span in the world, folk-dancing in the streets to hauntingly sweet music, Monsalvat of the Holy Grail, bullfight and pelota, brown sailed feluccas on the blue Mediterranean, and, not least, we lived in a hotel built around a Fifteenth Century church, where one saw no other Americans or Britons, where one could fish in the sea from his bedroom window, and eat broiled lobster every day after selecting it alive from a cache among the rocks.

WE LEFT the Deacon in Geneva, after one excursion together up the cog-railway to the Mer de Glace on Mont Blanc. "Climbin' the Swiss Alps in a choo-choo car is like bein' wafted to the skies on flowery beds of ease," he remarked, "an' I certainly never thought I'd see any sense in that hymn." His interest in the home of the League of Nations was intense. "I can't see any sense in Uncle Sam's stayin' out," he said to me. "But it's been a trick of politicians everywhere, since politics began, to dodge the really big domestic questions an'

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get all het up over furrin relations. Nine Senators out of ten don't want to tell us where they stand on the liquor question, an' when you ask 'em if the farmers need Government aid, they say 'Waal, yes an' no'; but they can froth at the mouth on the subject of the League without losin' a vote, an' mebbe gainin' some. They've got the public mind so cluttered up with junk in the way of argyment, that a lot of folks now really believe joinin' the League would jeopardize the Constitution, an' the Monroe Doctrine, an' Washington's Farewell Address, an' mebbe bust the Ten Commandments.

"The trouble is that if we joined the League we wouldn't give it any more thought, afterward, than we give now to the Hague Court or to an exhibition at the Barcelona World's Fair. We'd take it for granted. An' then some poor Congressman might have to tell us just where he stood on domestic questions."

"But you must admit that it is our traditional policy to avoid foreign entanglement?"

"You bet!" agreed the Deacon; "same as it's a traditional policy with ship-owners to avoid hurricanes, submerged rocks, waterspouts, an' pirates. The only sure way is not to go to sea. But if they do go, I notice the successful ones adopt all the latest safety devices.

"I learned to recite Washington's Farewell Address when I was a boy," added the Deacon reflectively, "an' I set great store by its advice to avoid furrin entanglement. An' since I learnt it, we've been entangled with Spain an' Mexico an' England an' Venezuela an' China an' Japan an' Colombia an' Peru an' Bolivia an' Nicaragua an' Cuba an' Turkey an' Liberia an' Russia an' Haiti an' San Domingo, not to mention allyin' ourselves with half of Europe in a European war. It's kind of late to argue against goin' into the League on account of its bein' an entanglement.

"I tell ye," concluded the Deacon, "if Washington had known that future Congressmen were goin' to learn some of his Address by heart an' then use it as a substitute for thought, he never would have made it."

"But aren't a majority of our people evidently against joining the League?"

"No, Sirree! They're against joinin' what a few Senators say the League is. When they get more direct information they'll change their minds;" and with final emphasis he tapped the bowl of his pipe against a statue of John Knox.

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*From etching by Luigi Casimir*

*The financial heart of America: Broad Street, New York, looking toward the pillared façade of the Stock Exchange.* *See "What's Happening in Wall Street," Page 673.*

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